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PHILASTER

O R,

Love lies a bleeding:

Acted at the { *Globe,* and { By his Majesties
 { *Black-friers,* } Servants.

The Authors { *Francis Beaumont.* }
 { and } Gent.
being { *John Fletcher,* }

The fifth Impression.



L O N D O N:

Printed for *William Leake*, and are to be solde at his shop at the
signe of the Crown in *Fleetstreet*, between the two
Temple Gates. 1652. J.

Printed or sold by *William Leake*, at the signe of the Crown
in Fleetstreet, between the two Temple Gates.

These Books following.

York's Heraldry Folio
A Bible of a very fair large Roman letter 4^o
Orlando Furioso, Folio
Callis learned Readings on the Statute
21. Hen. 8^o. Cap. 5. of Sewers
Perkins on the Laws of England
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The book of Fees
Persons Law
Mirrour of Justice
Topicks in the Laws of England
Skene de significatione Verborum
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The Spanish *Mande vile* of Miracles
Lazarillo de Tormes
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Christopher Marlow
Alcilia or *Philotas* loving folly
Epigrams divine and morall, by *Sir Thomas Urchard*
Mayer's Catechism 8^o.
Exercitatio Scholastica
Bishop Andrews Sermons.
Adams on *Peter*
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Amadis de Gaule
Guilliam's Heraldry.
Herbert's Travels
Boccas Tales
Man becom guilty, by *John Francis* Se-

nals, & Englished by *Henry Earl* of *Monmouth*

The Ideor in foure books; the first and second of Wisdom; the third of the Mind; the fourth of Statick Experiments, or Experiments of the Ballance
The lite and Reigne of *Henry* the Eighth, written by the *L. Herbert-Cornwallis* Essays, & Paradoxes
Clenards greek Grammar 8^o.

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The Fort Royall of holy Scriptures, or a new Concordance of the chiefe heads of Scripture

Common Places for such as would suddenly command all the Rarities in the Book of GOD By *J. H.* 1652

A Tragedy written by the most learned *Hugo Grotius* called, CHRIST'S PATIENCE) and translated into English by *George Sandys*.

The Mount of Olives, or Solitary Devotions by *Henry Vaughan* Sylurist, with an excellent Discourse of the blessed Estate of Man in Glory: written in Latin by the most Reverend and holy Father *Anselm* Archbishop of Canterbury, and now done into English.

The description and use of the Double Horizontal Dyall, whereby not only the houre of the Day is shewne, but also the Meridian Line is found: by *W O*, whereunto is added the description of the General Herological Ring.

PLAYS.

The Wedding The Hollander
Henry the Fourth *Philaster*
Maid Tragedie King and no King
The grateful Servant
The strange Discovery
Othello, the Moor of Venice.
The Merchant of Venice.
Tragedy of *Hoffman*.



THE STATIONER THE VNDERSTANDING GENTRIE.



His Play so affectionately taken, and approved by the seeing Auditors, or Hearing Spectators (of which sort I take or conceive you to be the greatest part) hath received (as appears by the copious vent of four Editions, no lesse acceptance with improvement of you likewise the Readers, albeit the first Impression swarm'd with errors, proving it selfe, like pure Gold, which the more it hath been tryed and refined, the better is esteemed; the best poems of this kind in the first presentation, resembling that all tempting Minerall newly digged up, the Actors being onely the labouring Miners, but you the skilfull Triers and Refiners: Now consider how currant this hath passed, under the infallible stampe of your judicious censure, and applause, and (like a gainfull Office in this age) eagerly sought for, not onely by those that have seen it, but by others that have meerly heard thereof: here you behold me acting the Merchant-adventurers part, yet as well for their satisfaction, as mine own benefit, and if my hopes (which I hope, shall never lie like this Love a Bleeding,) do fairly arrive at their intended Haven, I shall then be ready to lade a new Bottome, set forth again, to gain the goodwill both of you and them. To whom respectively I convey this hearty greeting: Adieu.



The Scene being in *Cicilie*.

The persons presented are these.

viz.

THe *King*.

PHILASTER, heire to the Crown.

PHRAMOND, Prince of Spain.

DION, a Lord.

CLEREMONT } Noble Gentlemen his Associates .
THRRSILINE }

ARETHUSA, the Kings daughter.

GALATEA, a wise modest Lady attending the Princeesse.

MEGRA, a lascivious Lady.

and old Wanton Lady or croan.

Another Lady attending the Princeesse-

EUFRASIA, Daughter of *Dion*, but disguised like a Page,
and called *Bellario*.

An old Captain.

Five Citizens.

A Countrey fellow.

Two Woodmen.

The Kings Guard and Train.

Philaster,



PHILASTER,

O R,

Love lies a Bleeding.

Actus 1. Scena 1.

Enter *Dion, Clerement, and Thrasiline.*

Clerement,

Here's not Lords, nor Ladyes.

Dion. Credit me Gentlemen I wonder at it. They receiv'd strict charge from the King, to attend here: Besides, it was boldly published, that no Officer should forbid any Gentlemen, that desire to attend and hear.

Cle. Can you ghesse the cause?

Di. Sir, it is plain about the Spanish Prince, that's come to marry our Kingdomes Heire, and be our Sovereigne.

Tra. Many (that will seeme to know much) say, she looks not on him like a maid in love.

Di. O sir, the multitude (that seldome know any thing, but their owne opinions) speake that they would have, but the Prince, before his owne approach, receiv'd so many confident messages from the State, that I thinke she's resolv'd to be rul'd.

Cle. Sir, it is thought, with her he shall enjoy both these Kingdomes of *Cicilie* and *Calabria*.

Dion. Sir, it is (withour controversie) so meant. But 'twill be a troublesome labour, for him to enjoy both these Kingdomes, with safetie, the right Heire to one of them living, and living so vertuously: especially, the people admiring the bravery of his minde, and lamenting his injuries.

Cle. Who, *Philaster*?

Di. Yes, whose father we all know, was by our late King of *Calabria*, unrighteously deposed from his fruitfull *Cicilie*. My self drew some blood in those warres, which I would give my hand to be washed from.

Cle. Sir, my ignorance in State policie, will not let mee know, why *Philaster* (being Heire to one of these Kingdomes) the King should suffer him to walke abroad with such free libertie.

Di. Sir, it seems your nature is more constant, then to enquire after State news. But the King (of late) made a hazard of both the Kingdomes, of *Cicilie* and his owne, with offering but to imprison

B

Philaster.

P H I L A S T E R.

Philaster. At which the Citie was in arms; not to be charm'd down by any State order or Proclamation, till they saw *Philaster* ride through the streets pleas'd, and without a guard; at which they threw their Hats, and their armes from them; some to make bonfires, some to drinke, all for his deliverance. Which (wise men say) is the cause, the King labours to bring in the power of a forraigne Nation, to awe his owne with.

Enter *Gallatea*, *Megara*, and a Lady.

Tra. See, the Ladies, what's the first?

Dis. A wise & modest Gentlewoman, that attends the Princeesse,

Cle. The second?

Dis. She is one that may stand still discreetly enough, and ill favour'dly Dance her Measure; simmer when she is Courtted by her Friend, and slight her Husband. *Cle.* The last?

Di. Mary I thinke she is one whome the State keeps for the Agents of our confederate Princes: she'll cog, & lie with a whole Army, before the league shall break: her name is common through the Kingdom, and the Trophies of her dishonour, advanced beyond *Hercules* pillars. She loves to try the severall constitutions of mens. bodies; and indeed has destroyed the worth of her owne body, by making experiment upon it, for the good of the Common wealth.

Cle. She's a profitable member.

La. Peace, if you love me: you shall see these Gentlemen stand there ground, and not Court us.

Gal. What if they should? *Meg.* What if they should?

La. Nay, let her alone; what if they should? why, if they should, I say, they were never abroad: what Forraigner would doe to? it writes them directly untravell'd.

Gal. Why, what if they be? *Meg.* What if they be?

La. Good Madam let her goe on; what if they be? Why if they be I will justifie, they cannot maintain discourse with a judicious Lady, nor make a leg, nor say excuse me.

Gal. Ha, ha, ha. *La.* Doe you laugh Madam?

Di. Your desires upon you Ladies: *L.* Then you must sit beside us.

Di. I shall sit neere you then Lady.

La. Neere mee perhaps: But there's a Lady indures no stranger and to me you appeare a very strange fellow.

Meg. Methinkes he's not so strange, hee would quickly be acquainted. *Tra.* Peace the King.

Enter *King*, *Pharamond*, *Archibusa*; and traine.

King. To give a stronger testimony of love,

Then

Then fckly promifes (which commonly
 In Princes find both birth and buriall
 In one breath) we have drawn you worthy fir,
 To make your faire indearements to your daughter,
 And worthy services known to our Subjects:
 Now lov'd and wondred at. Next, our intent,
 To plant you deeply, our immediate Heire.
 Both to our Bloud and Kingdomes. For this Lady,
 (The best part of your life, as you confirme me,
 And I believe) though her few yeares and sex
 Yet teach her nothing but her feares and blushes,
 Desires without desire, discourse and knowledg,
 Onely of what her selfe, is to her selfe,
 Make her feeble moderate health : and when she sleepes,
 I making no ill day, knowes no ill dreames.
 Thinkenot (dear fir) these undivided parts,
 That must mould up a Virgin, are put on
 To shew her so, as borrowed ornaments,
 To speake her perfect love to you, or adde
 An Artificiall shadow to her nature:
 No fir, I boldly dare proclaime her, yet
 No Woman. But woo her still, and thinke her modesty,
 A sweeter mistresse then the offer'd Language
 Of any Dame, were shee a Queene whose eye
 Speakes common loves and comforts to her servants.
 Last, noble sonne, (for so I now must call you)
 What I have done thus publike, is not onely
 To adde a comfort in particuler,
 To you or mee, but all; and to confirme
 The Nobles, and the Gentry of these Kingdomes,
 By oath to your succession, which shall be
 Within this moneth at most. *Tra.* This will be hardly done.

Cle. It must be ill done, if it be done.

Di. When tis at best, twill be but halfe done,
 Whilst so I have a Gentleman's wrong'd and flung off.

Tra. I feare. *Cle.* Who does not?

Di. I feare not for my selfe, and yet I feare too:
 Well, we shall see, we shall see: no more.

Pha. Kissing your white hand (mistresse) I take leave,
 To thanke your royall fat her: and thus farre,

P H I L A S T E R.

To be my owne free Triumpet. Understand
Great King, and these your subjects mine that must be,
(For so deserving you have spoke me, sir,
And so deserving I dare speake my selfe)
To what a person, of what eminence,
Ripe expectation, of what faculties,
Manners and vertues you would wed you Kingdoms?
You in me have your wishes, Oh this Countrey,
(By more then all my hopes I hold it
Happy, in their deare memories that have been
Kings great and good; happy in yours, that is,
And from you (as a Chronicle to keepe
Your noble name from eating age) doe I,
Open my selfe most happy. Gentlemen,
Beleeve me in a word, a Princes word,
There shall be nothing to make up a Kingdome
Mighty, and flourishing, defenced, fear'd,
Equall to be commanded, and obey'd?
But through the travels of my selfe I'll find it,
And tie it to this Countrey. And I vow,
My reigne shall be so easie to the subject,
That every man shall be his Prince himselfe,
And his owne law: yet I his Prince and law)
And dearest Lady, to your dearest self,
(Deare, in the choise of him, whose name and lustre
Must make you more and mightier) let me say,
You are the blessed't living? for sweet Princessse,
You shall enjoy a man of men, to be
Your servant? you shall make him youres, for whom
Great Queens must die. *Tra. Miraculous.*

Cle. this speech calls him *Spaniard*, being nothing but
a large inventory of his owne commendations.

Enter Philaster.

Di. I wonder what's his price? For certainly he'll sell himself,
he has so praised his shape: But here comes one, more worthy those
large speeches, then the large speaker of them? let me be swallowed
quick, if I can find, in all the Anatomy of yon mans vertues, one
sinew sound enough to promise for him, he shall be Constable. By
this Sun, he'll ne're make King, unlesse it be for trifles, in my
poor judgment.

Phi.

P H I L A S T E R.

Phi. Right noble Sir, as low as my obedience
And with a heart as loyall as my knee,
I beg your favour.

K. Rise, you have it sir.

Di. Marke but the King how pale he lookes with feare.
Oh, this same whoreson Conscience, how it jades us!

K. Speake your intents sir. *Phi.* Shall I speake um freely?

Be still my royall Sovereigne. *K.* As a subject.

We give you freedome. *Di.* Now it heats.

Phi. Then thus I turnd

My language to you Prince, you forraigne man.

Ne're stare nor put on wonder, for you must
Indure mee, and you shall. This earth yoe tread upon.

(A dowry as you hope with this fair Princeesse,

Whose memory I bow to) was not left

By my dead Father (Oh, I had a Father)

To your inheritance, and I up and living,

Having my selfe about me and my sword.

The soules of all my name, and memories;

These arms and some few friends, beside the gods,

To part so calmly with it, and sit still,

And say I might have been. I tel thee *Pharamond*,

When thou art King, looke I be dead and rotten,

And my name ashes, For, hear me *Pharamond*,

This very ground thou goest on: this fat earth,

My Fathers friends made fertile with their faiths,

Before that day of shame, shall gape and swallow

Thee and thy Nation, like a hungry Grave,

Into her hidden bowels: Prince, it shall;

By *Nemesis* it shall. *Pha.* He's mad beyond cure, mad.

Di. Here's a fellow has some fire in's veines:

The outlandish Prince looks like a tooth-drawer.

Phi. Sir, Prince of Poppinjays, I'll make it well appeare

To you I am not mad. *K.* You displease us.

You are to bold. *Phi.* No sir, I am too tame,

Too much a Turtle, a thing born without passion.

A faint shadow, that every drunken clow'd sails over:

And makes nothing. *K.* I doe not fancie this,

Call our Physicians: sure he is somewhat tainted.

P H I L A S T E R.

Tra. I doe not thinke twill prove so.

Di. Has given him a general I purge already, for all the right hee has, and now he meanes to let him blood : Be constant Gentlemen, by these hilts I'll run his hazard , although I run my name out of the Kingdome. *Cle.* Peace, we are one soul.

Pha. What you have seene in me; to stir offence,
I cannot find, unlesse it be this Lady,
Offer'd into my armes, with the succession,
Which I must keepe though it hath pleas'd your fury
To murther within you; without disputing
Your *Genealogies*, or taking knowledg
Whose branch you are. The King will leave it me.
And I dare make it mine; you have your answer.

Phi. If thou weare sole inheritor to him,
That made the world his; and couldst see no sun
Shine upon any thing but thine : were *Pharamond*
As truly valiant, as I feel him cold,
And ring'd amongst the choicest of his friends,
Such as would blush to talk such serious follies,
Or back such bellied commendations.
And from this present : Spight of all these bugs,
You should hear further from me. *K.* Sir, you wrong the Prince:
I gave you not this freedom to brave our best friends,
You deserve our frown : Goe to, be better temper'd.

Phi. It must be sir, when I am nobler us'd. *Gal.* Ladyes,
This would have been a pattern of succession,
Had he ne're met this mischiefe. By my life,
He is the worthiest the true name of man
This day within my knowledge.

Meg. I cannot tell what you may call your knowledge,
But the other is the man set in my eye ;
Oh! 'tis a Prince of wax. *Gal.* A dog it is. *K.* *Philaster*, tell me,
The injuries you aime at in your riddles.

Phi. If you had my eyes sir, and sufferance,
My griefs upon you and my broken fortunes,
My want's great, and now naught but hopes and fears,
My wrongs would make ill riddles to be laught at.
Dare you be still my King and right me not ?

K. Give me your wrongs in private.

They; whisper,

Phi. Take them, and ease me of a load would bow strong *Atlas*.

Cle.

Cl. He dares not stand the shock.

Di. I cannot blame him, there's danger in't. Every man in this age, has not a soul of Christall, for all men to read their actions through : mens hearts and faces are so far a sunder, that they hold no intelligence. Doe but view yon Stranger well, and you shall see a feaver through all his bravery, and feel him shake like a true tenant; if he give not back his Crown again, upon the report of an Elder Gun, I have no augury. *K.* Goe to :

Be more your selfe, as you respect our favour :
You'll stir us else : Sir, I must have you know
That y'are and shall be at our plesure, what fashion we
Will put upon you : smooth your brow, or by the gods.

Phi. I am dead sir, y'are my fate : it was not I

Said I was not wrong'd : I carry all about me,
My weak stars led me to; all my weak fortunes.

Who dares in all this presence speak (that is
But man of flesh and may be mortall) tell me

I doe not most intirely love this Prince,

And honour his full vertues. *K.* Sure hee's posselt,

Phi. Yes, with my fathers spirit : It's here, O King !

A dangerous spirit, now he tels me King

I was a Kings heir, bids me be a King,

And whispers to me, these be all my subjects.

'Tis strange, he will not let me sleepe, but dives

Into my fancie, and there gives me shapes,

That kneele, and doe me service, cry me King :

But I'll suppress him, he's a factious spirit,

And will undoe me : noble sir, your hand, I am your servant.

K. Away, I doe not like this :

I'll make you tamer, or I'll dispossesse you

Both of life and spirit : For this time

I pardon your wilde speech, without so much

As your imprisonment.

Exit *K. Pha. Are.*

Di. I thank you sir, you dare not for the people.

Gal. Ladies, what think you now of this brave fellow ?

Meg. A pretty talking fellow, hot at hand : but eye yon stranger, is he not a fine compleat Gentleman ? O these strangers, I do affect them strangely: they doe the rarest home things, and please the fullest ! as I live, I could love all the Nation over and over for his sake.

Gal.

Gal. Pride comfort your poor head-peece Lady, tis a weak on
and had need of a night cap.

Di. See how his fancy labours, has he not spoke
Home, and bravely? what a dangerous train
Did he give fire to? How he shooke the King,
Made his soul melt within him, and his blood
Run into whay: it stood upon his brow,
Like a cold winter dew. *Phi.* Gentlemen,
You have no suit to me? I am no Minion:
You stand (me thinks) like men that would be Courtiers
If you could well be flatter'd at a price,
Not to undoe your children: y'are all honest:
Goe get you home againe, and make your Countrey
A vertuous Court, to which your great Ones may,
In their diseased age, retire, and live recluse.

Cle. How do you worthy sir? *Phi.* Well, very well;
And so wel, that if the King please, I find
I may live many yeares;

Di. The King must please,
Whilst we know what you are, and who you are,
Your wrongs and injuries: shrinke not, worthy sir,
But adde your Father to you: in whose name,
Wee'll waken all the gods, and conjure up
The rods of vengeance, the abused people,
Who like to raging torrents shall swell high,
And so begirt the dens of these Male-dragons,
That through the strongest safety, they shall beg
For mercy at your swords point. *Phi.* Friends, no more,
Our yeares may be corrupted: Tis an age
We dare not trust our wills to: doe you love me?

Tra. Do we love Heaven, and Honour.

Phi. My Lord *Dion*, you had
A vertuous Gentlewoman, cald you father.
Is she yet alive? *Di.* Most honor'd sir, she is:
And for the penance but of an idle dreame,
Has undertooke a tedious Pilgrimage.

Enter a Lady.

Phi. Is it to me, or any of these Gentlemen you come?

La. to you, brave Lord: the Princessse would intreat
Your present company.

Phi. The Princessse send for me? y'are mistaken.

La. If you be call'd *Philaster*, 'tis to you.

Phi. Kisse her hand, and say I will attend her.

Di. Do you know what you do? *Phi.* Yes, go to see a woman.

Cle. But do you weigh the danger you are in?

Phi. Danger in a sweet face?

By *Jupiter* I must not fear a woman.

Tra. But are you sure it was the *Princess* sent?

It may be some foul train to catch your life.

Phi. I do not thinke it *Gentlemen*: she's noble,

Her eye may shoot me dead, or those true red

And white friends in her face may steal my soul out:

Ther's all the danger in't: but be what may, *Exit Phil*

Her single name hath arm'd me. *Di.* Goe on:

And be as truly happy, as th'art searelesse:

Come *Gentlemen*, let's make our friends acquainted,

Least the King prove false.

Exit Gentlemen.

Enter Arethusa and a Lady.

Are. Comes he not? *La.* Madam?

Are. Will *Philaster* come? *La.* Dear Madam, you were wont
To credit me at first.

Are. But didst thou tell me so?

I am forgetfull, and my womans strength

Is so orecharg'd with dangers like to grow,

About my marriage, that these under things

Dare not abide in such a troubled sea:

How look't he, when he told thee he would come?

La. Why, well. *Are.* And not a little fearfull?

La. Feare Madam? sure he knowes not what it is:

Are. You are all of his Faction; the whole Court
Is bold in praise of him, whilst I

May live neglected: and doe noble things,

As fooles in strife throw gold into the Sea,

Drown'd in the doing: but I know he feares?

La. Fear? Madam (me thought) his lookes hid more
Of love then feare.

Are. Of love? To whom? To you?

Did you deliver those plaine words I sent,

With such a winning gesture, and quick look

That you have caught him?

La. Madam, I mean to you.

P H I L A S T E R.

Are. Of love to me? Alas, thy ignorance
 Lets thee not see the crosses of our birth:
 Nature, that loves not to be questioned
 Why she did this, or that, but has her ends,
 And knowes she does well, never gave the world
 Two things so opposite, so contrary,
 As he and I am: If a bowle of blood
 Drawne from this arme of mine, would poyson thee,
 A draught of his would cure thee. Of love to me?

La. Madam, I thinke I heare him.

Are. Bring him in:

You Gods that would not have your doomes withstood,
 Whose holy wisdomes at this time it is,
 To make the passion of a feeble maid,
 The way unto your Justice; I obey.

Enter Phi.

La. Here is my Lord *Philaster*. *Are.* Oh 'tis well:
 Withdraw your selfe. *Phi.* Madam, your Messenger
 Made me believe, you wish'd to speak with me.

Are. 'Tis true *Philaster*, but the words are such,
 I have to say, and do so ill befeeme
 The mouth of woman, that I wish them said,
 And yet am loth to speake them. Have you known,
 That I have ought detracted from your worth?
 Have I in person wrong'd you? Or have set
 My baser Instruments to throw disgrace
 Upon your vertues?

Phi. Never Madam you.

Are. Why then should you in such a publique place,
 Injure a Princeesse, and a scandall lay
 Upon my fortunes, sam'd to be so great:
 Calling a great part of my dowry in question:

Phi. Madam, this truth which I shall speake, will be
 Foolish: but for your faire and vertuous selfe,
 I could affoord my selfe to have no right
 To any thing you wish'd.

Are. *Phi*laster, know

I must enjoy these Kingdomes. *Phi.* Madam, both?

Are. Both, or I dye: by Fate I die *Philaster*.

If I not calmly may enjoy them both.

Phi. I would do much to save that noble life:
 Yet would be loth to have posterity
 Find in our stories: that *Philaster* gave

His right unto a Scepter: and a Crowne,
To save a Ladies longing. *Are.* Nay then heare:
I must, and will have them and more. *Phi.* What more?

Are. Or lose that little life the gods prepared,
To trouble this poor piece of earth withall.

Phi. Madam, what more? *Are.* Turne then away thy face.

Phi. No. *Are.* Doe.

Phi. I cannot endure it: turne away my face?

I never yet saw enemy that lookt

So dreadfully, but that I thought my selfe

As great a Basiliske as hee; or spake

So horribly, but that I thought my tongue

Bore it under underneath, as much as his:

Nor beast that I could turne from: shall I then

Begin to feare sweet sounds? a Ladies voyce,

Whom I do love? Say you would have my life,

Why, I will give it you; for it is of me,

A thing so loath'd, and unto you that ask,

Of so poor use, that I shall make no price,

If you intreat, I will unmov'dly heare.

Are. Yet for my sake a little bend thy lookes.

Phi. I doe.

Are. Then know I must have them, and thee.

Phi. And me?

Are. Thy love: without which, all the Land

Discovered yet, will serve me for no use,

But to be buried in.

Phi. Is possible

Are. With it, it were too little to bestow

On thee: Now, though thy breath doth strike me dead

(Which know it may) I have unript my brest.

Phi. Madam, you are too full of noble thoughts,

To lay a traine for this contemned life,

Which you may have for asking: to suspect

Were base, where I deserve no ill: love you,

By all my hopes I do, above my life:

But how this passion should proceed from you,

So violently would amaze a man, That would be jealous.

Are. Another soul into my body shot,

Could not have fill'd me with more strength & spirit,

Then this thy breath: but spend not hasty time,

In seeking how I came thus: tis the gods.

The gods, that make me so; and sure our love

Will be the nobler, and the better blest,
 In that the secret justice of the gods
 Is mingled with it. Let us leave and kisse,
 Lest some unwelcome guest should fall betwixt us,
 And we should part without it. *Phi.* T will be ill,
 I should abide here long. *Are.* Tis true : and worse,
 You should come often : How shall we devise
 To hold intelligence ? That our true loves,
 On any new occasion may agree ; What path is best to tread ?

Phi. I have a Boy, Sent by the gods, I hope, to this intent,
 Not yet seen in the Court, Hunting the Buck,
 I found him sitting by a fountaines side,
 Of which he borrowed some to quench his thirst,
 And paid the Nymph again as much in teares ;
 A Garland lay him by, made by himselfe,
 Of many severall flowers, bred in the bay,
 Stuck in that myttick order, that the rarenesse
 Delighted me : but ever when he turned
 His tender eyes upon um, he would weep,
 As if he meant to make um grow againe,
 Seeing such pretty helpless innocence
 Dwell in his face, I ask'd him all his story ;
 He told me that his parents gentle dyed,
 Leaving him to the mercy of the fields,
 Which gave him roots ; and of the christall Springs,
 Which did not stop their courtes ; and the Sunne,
 Which still, he thank'd him yielded him his light.
 Then took he up his Garland, and did shew,
 What every flower as Countrey people hold,
 Did signifie : and how all ordered thus,
 Exprest his grieve : and to my thoughts did read
 The prettiest lecture of his Countrey Art,
 That could be wisht : so that, me thought, I could
 Have studied it. I gladly entertain'd him,
 VVho was glad to follow ; and have got
 The truest, lovingst, and the gentlest boy,
 That ever master kept : Him will I send
 To wait on you, and bear our hidden love.

Enter Lady.

Are. Tis well, no more.

P H I L A S T E R.

La. Madam, the Prince is come to doe his service.

Arc. VVhat wil you doe *Philaster* with your selfe?

Phi. VVhy, that which all the gods have appoiated out for me.

Arc. Deare, hide thy selfe: Bring in the Prince.

Phi. Hide me from *Pharamond*?

Whenthunder speaks, which is the voice of *Jove*,

Though I do reverence, yet I hide me not;

And shall a stranger Prince have leave to brag

Unto a forraigne Nation, that he made *Philaster* hide himselfe?

Arc. He cannot know it.

Phi. Though it should sleep for ever to the world,

It is a simple sinne to hide my selfe,

Which will for ever on my conscience lye.

Arc. Then good *Philaster* give him scope and way

In what he sayes: for he is apt to speake,

What you are loath to hear: for my sake do. *Phi.* I will.

Enter *Pharamond*.

Pha. My princely Mistresse, as true lovers ought,

I come to kisse these fair hands; and to shew

In outward ceremonies, the deare love

Writ in my heart. *Phi.* If I shall have an answer no directlier

I am gone. *Pha.* To what would he have an answer?

Arc. To his claime unto the Kingdome,

Pha. Sirra, I forbear you before the King.

Phi. Good sir, do so still, I would not talke with you.

Pha. But now the time is fitter, doe but offer

To make mention of right to any Kingdome,

Though it be scarce habitable. *Phi.* Good sir let me goe.

Pha. And by my sword. *Phi.* Peace *Pharamond*: if thou —

Arc. Leave us *Philaster*. *Phi.* I have done.

Pha. You are gone: by heaven I'll fetch you back,

Phi. You shall not need. *Pha.* What now?

Phi. Know *Pharamond*,

I loath to brawle with such a blast as thou,

Who art nought but a valliant voice: But if

Thou shalt provoke me further: men shall say

Thou wert, and not lament it.

Pha. Do you flight

My greatnesse so, and in the chamber of the Princeesse?

Phi. It is a place, to which I must confesse

I owe a reverence : but wer't the Church ;
 I at the Altar, ther's no place so safe,
 Where thou darst injure me, but I dare kill thee :
 And for your greatnesse; know sir, I can graspe
 You, and your greatnesse thus, thus into nothing :
 Give not a word, not a word back : Farewell.

Exit Phi.

Pha. Tis an odd fellow Madam, we must stop
 His mouth with some office, when we are married.

Arc. You were best make him your controulr.

Pha. I think he would discharge it well. But Madam,
 I hope our hearts are knit ; and yet so slow
 The ceremonies of State are, that twill be long
 Before our hands be so : If then you please
 Being agreed in heart, let us not waite
 For dreaming forme, but take a little stolne
 Delights, and so prevent our joyes to come:

Arc. If you dare speak such thoughts,
 I must withdraw in honour.

Exit Arc.

Pha. The constitution of my body will never hold out till the
 wedding ; I must seeke else-where.

Exit Pha.

Actus 2. Scena 1.

Enter Philaster and Bellario.

Phi. And thou shalt finde her honourable boy ;
 Full of regard unto thy tender youth,
 For thine own modesty ; and for my sake,
 Apt to give, then thou wilt be to aske, I, or deserve.

Bell. Sir, you did take me up when I was nothing;
 And onely yet am something, by being yours;
 You trusted me unknown, and that which you were apt,
 To conster, a simple innocence in me,
 Perhaps, might have been craft ; the cunning of a boy
 Hardened in lies and theft ; yet ventur'd you,
 To part my miseries and me ; For which,
 I never can expect to serve a Lady,
 That beares more honour in her breast then you.

Phi. But boy, it will preferre thee ; thou art young,
 And bearest a childish overflowing love,
 To them that clap thy cheeks, and speak thee fair yet,

But

P H I L A S T E R.

But when thy judgement comes to rule those passions,
Thou wilt remember best those carefull friends,
That plac'd thee in the noblest way of life ;
She is a Princeesse I preferre thee to.

Bel. In that small time that I have seen the world,
I never knew a man hasty to part
With a servant he thought trusty, I remember,
My father would preferre the boyes he kept
To greater men then he, but did it nor,
Till they were grown too sawcy for himselve.

Phi. Why gentle boy, I finde no fault at all in thy behaviour.

Bel. Sir, if I have made
A fault of ignorance, instruct my youth,
I shall be willing, if not apt to learne,
Age and experience will adorne my minde,
With larger knowledge : And if I have done
A wilfull fault, think me not past all hope
For once ; what master holds so strict a hand
Over his boy, that he will part with him
Without one warning ? Let me be corrected,
To breake my stubbornnesse if it be so,
Rather then turne me off, and I shall mend.

Phi. Thy love doth plead so prettily to stay,
That (trust me) I could weepe to part with thee.
Alas, I do not turne thee off ; thou knowest
It is my businesse that doth call thee hence,
And when thou art with her thou dwel'st with me :
Think so, and tis so ; and when time is full,
That thou hast well discharg'd this heavy trust,
Laid on so weake a one : I will againe
With joy receive thee ; as I live, I will ;
Nay, weepenot, gentle boy ; Tis more then time
Thou didst attend the Princeesse. *Bel.* I am gone ;
But since J am to part with you my Lord,
And none knowes whether I shall live to do
More service for you ; take this little prayer ;
Heaven blesse your loves, your fights, all your designses,
May sick men, if they have your wish be well :
And heaven hate those you curse, though I be one.

Exit.

Phi. The love of boyes unto their Lords is strange,

P H I L A S T E R.

I have read wonders of it, yet this boy
For my sake (if a man may judge by looks,
And speech) would out doe story. I may see
A day to pay him for his loyalty. *Exit Phi.*

Enter Pharamond.

Iba. Why should these Ladies stay so long? They must come this way ; I know the Queene employes um not, for the reverend mother sent me word, they would all be for the garden. If they should all prove honest now, I were in a fair taking; I was never so long without sport in my life, & in my conscience tis not my fault: Oh, for our country Ladyes. Heere's on boulded, I'll bound at her.

Enter Galatea, Gal. Your grace.

Pha. Shall I not be a trouble? *Gal.* Not to me sir,

Pha. Nay nay, you are too quick; by this sweet hand.

Gal. You'll be forsworne sir, tis but an old glove. If you will talke at distance, I am for you: but good Prince be not bawdy, nor do not brag; these two I barre, and then I think, I shall have sence enough to answer all the weighty *Apothegmes* your royall blood shall manage. *Pha.* Deare Lady can you love?

Gal. Deare Prince how deare? I ne're cost you a Coach yet, nor put you to the dear repentance of a banquet; Here's no Scarlet sir, to blush the sinne out, it was given for: This wyer mine own haire covers: and this face has beene so farre from being dear to any, that it ne're cost penny painting: And for the rest of my poor Wardrobe, such as you see, it leaves no hand behind it, to make the jealous Mercers wife, curse our good doings.

Pha. You mistake me Lady.

Gal. Lord, I do so; would you, or I could helpe it.

Pha. Do Ladyes of this Countrey use to give no more respect to men of my full being?

Gal. Full Being? I understand you not, unlesse your grace means growing to fatnesse; and then your onely remedy (upon my knowledge Prince) is in a morning a cup of neat White wine, brew'd with *Carduus*, then fast till supper, about eight you may eat; use exercise, and keep a Sparrow-hawke, you can shoot in a Tiller; But of all, your Grace must flie *Phlebotomie*, fresh Porke, Conger, and clarified whay; They are all dullers of the vitall spirits.

Pha. Lady you talke of nothing, all this while.

Gal. Tis very true sir, I talke of you.

Pha. This is a crafty wench, I like her wit well, twill be rare to
flurre

stirre up a leaden appetite; she's a *Danae*, and must be courted in a showre of gold. Madam, looke here, all these, and more, then—

Gal. What have you there, my Lord? gold? Now, as I live tis fair gold; you would have silver for it to play with the Pages; you could not have taken me in a worse time; But if you have present use my Lord, I'll send my man with silver, and keep your gold for you.

Pha. Lady, Lady.

Gal. She's coming sir behind, will take white money. Yet for all this I'll match yee.

Exit Gal. behind the hangings.

Pha. If there be but two such more in this Kingdome, & neere the Court, we may even hang up our harpes: ten such *Campbier* constitutions as this, would call the golden age againe in question, and teach the old way for every ill fac't husband to get his own children; and what a mischief that will breed, let all consider.

Enter Megra.

Here's another; if she be of the same last, the divell shall pluck her on. Many faire mornings, Lady.

Meg. As many mornings bring as many dayes, Faire, sweet, and hopefull to your Grace.

Pha. She gives good words yet; Sure this wench is free; If your more serious businesse doe not call you, Let me hold quarter with you, we'll talke an houre Out quickly. *Meg.* What would your grace talke of?

Pha. Of some such pretty subject as your selfe. I'll go no further than your eye, or lip; There's theame enough for one man for an age.

Meg. Sir, they stand right, and my lips are yet even, Smooth, young enough, ripe enough, red enough, Or my glasse wrongs me.

Pha. O they are two twin'd cherries died in blushes, Which those faire suns above, with their bright beams Reflect upon, and ripen: sweetest beauty, Bow down those branches, that the longing taste, Of the faint looker on, may meet those blessings, And taste and live.

Meg. O delicate sweet Prince; She that hath snow enough about her heart, To take the wanton spring of ten such lines off, May be a Nunne without probation.

Sir, you have in such neat poetry, gathered a kisse, That if I had but five lines of that number,

Such pretty begging blankes: I should commend
Your forehead, or your cheekes, and kisse you too.

Pha. Doe it in prose; you cannot misse it Madam.

Meg. I shall, I shall. *Pha.* By my life, you shall not.
I'll prompt you first: Can you do it now?

Meg. Me thinkes tis easie, now I ha don't before;
But yet I should stick at it. *Pha.* Stick till to morrow.
I'll ne're part you sweetest. But we lose time;
Can you love me?

Meg. Love you my Lord? How would you have me love you?

Pha. I'll teach you in a short sentence, cause I wil not load your
memory, this is all: love me, and lye with me.

Meg. Was it lie with you that you said? 'Tis impossible.

Pha. Not to a willing minde, that will endeavour; If I do not
teach you to do it as easly in one night, as you'l go to bed: I'll
lose my royall blood for't.

Meg. Why Prince, you have a Lady of your own, that yet
wants teaching.

Pha. I'll sooner teach a Mare the old measures, then teach her
any thing belonging to the function; she's affraid to lye with her
selfe, if she have but any masculine imaginations about her; I know
when we are married, I must ravish her.

Meg. By my honour, that's a faule fault indeed, but time
and your good helpe will wear it out fir.

Pha. And for any other I see, excepting your dear selfe, dearest
Lady, I had rather be fir *Tim* the Schoolmaster, and leape a dayry
Maid. *Meg.* Has your Grace seene the Court-starre *Galatea*?

Pha. Out upon her; she's as cold of her favour as an apoplex;
she saild by but now. *Meg.* And how do you hold her wit fir?

Pha. I hold her wit? The strength of all the Guard cannot hold
it, if they were tied to it, she would blow um out of the Kingdome,
They talke of *Jupiter*, he's but a squib-cracker to her: Look well
about you, and you may find a tongue hole. But speak sweet Lady,
shal I be freely welcome? *Meg.* Whither?

Pha. To your bed; if you mistrust my faith, you do me the un-
noblest wrong. *Meg.* I dare not prince, I dare not.

Pha. Make your owne conditions, my purse shall seale um, and
what you dare imagine you can want, I'll furnish you withall:
give two hours to your thoughts every morning about it. Come;
I know you are bashfull, speak in my eare, wil you be mine? keep
this,

P H I L A S T E R.

this, and with it me; soone I wil visit you.

Meg. My Lord, my chamber's most unsafe, but when tis night
I'll finde some meanes to slip into your lodging: til when—

Pha. Til when, this, & my heart go with thee. *Ex. severally.*

Enter Galatea from behind the hangings.

Gal. Oh thou pernicious petticoate Prince; are these your vertues?
Well, if I doe not lay a traine to blow your sport up, I am no wo-
man; and Lady Towlabell I'll fit you for't. *Exit. Gal.*

Enter Arethusa and a Lady.

Are. Where's the boy? *La.* Within Madam.

Are. Gave you him gold to buy him cloathes?

La. I did. *Are.* And has he don't?

La. Yes Madam. *Are.* Tis a pretty sad talking boy, is it not?
Asked you his name? *La.* No Madam. *Enter Galatea.*

Are. O you are welcome, what good newes?

Gal. As good as any one can tel your Grace,
That sayes she has done that you would have wish'd

Are. Hast thou discovered?

Gal. I have strained a point of modesty for you.

Are. I preethee how?

Gal. In listning after bawdery; I see, let a Lady live never so mo-
destly, she shall be sure to find a lawful time, to harken after baw-
dery; your Prince, brave *Pharamond*, was so hot on't.

Are. With whom?

Gal. Why, with the Lady I suspect: I can tel the time and place.

Are. O when, and where? *Gal.* To night, his Lodging.

Are. Runne thy selfe into the presence, mingle there again
With other Ladies, leave the rest to me:

If Destiny (to whom we dare not say,
Why thou didst this) have not decreed it so,
In lasting leaves (whose smallest Characters
Was never altered;) yet, this match shall breake.

Wher's the boy? *La.* Here Madam. *Enter Bellario.*

Are. Sir, you are sad to change your service, is't not so?

Bel. Madam, I have not chang'd; I wayte on you,
To do him service. *Are.* Thou disclaim'st in me;

Tell me thy name. *Bel.* *Bellarrio.*

Are. Thou canst sing, and play.

Bel. If griefe wil give me leave. Madam, I can.

Are. Alas, what kind of griefe can thy yeares know?

Hadst thou a curst master, when thou wentst to schoole?
 Thou art not capable of other grieft;
 Thy browes and cheekes are smooth as waters be,
 When no breath trouble them: believe me boy,
 Care seekes out wrinkled browes, and hollow eyes,
 And builds himselfe caves to abide in them.

Come sir, tell me truly, does your Lord love me?

Bel. Love Madam? I know not what it is.

Are. Canst thou know grieft, and never yet knew'st love?

Thou art deceiv'd boy; does he speak of me
 As if he wish'd me well? *Bel.* If it be love,

To forget all respect of his own friends,
 In thinking of your face; if it be love
 To sit crosse arm'd and sigh away the day,
 Mingled with starts, crying your name as loud
 And hastily, as men i'the streets doe fire:

If it be love to weepe himselfe away,
 When he but heares of any Lady dead,
 Or kil'd because it might have been your chance,
 If when he goes to rest (which will not be)
 Twixt every prayer he sayes, to name you once
 As others drop a bead; be to be in love;
 Then Madam, I dare sweare he loves you.

Are. O y'are a cunning boy, and taught to lie,
 For your Lords credit; but thou knowest, a lie
 That beares this sound, is welcomer to me,
 Then any truth that sayes he loves me not.

Lead the way boy: Do you attend me too;
 Tis thy Lords businesse hastes me thus; Away.

Exeunt.

Enter Dion, Cleremont, Traslin, Megra, Galatea.

Di. Come Ladies, shall we talke a round? As men
 Doe walk a mile, women should talke an houre
 After supper: Tis their exercise. *Gal.* Tis late.

Meg. Tis all,

My eyes will do to lead me to my bed.

Gal. I feare they are so heavy, you'le scarce finde
 The way to your lodging with un to night.

Enter Pharamona.

Tra. The Prince.

Pha. Not a bed Ladies, y'are good sitters up;

What

P H I L A S T E R.

What thinke you of a pleasant dreame to last
Till morning?

Meg. I should choose my Lord a pleasing wake before it.

Enter Arethusa and Bellario.

Are. Tis well my Lord; y^e are courting of Ladies.
Is not late Gentlemen?

Cle. Yes Madam.

Are. Waite you there.

Exit Arethusa.

Meg. She's jealous, as I live; look you my Lord,
The Princeesse has a *Hilas* an *Adonis*. *Pha.* His form is Angel-like.

Meg. Why this is he, must, when you are wed,
Sit by your pillow, like young *Apollo*, with
His hand and voyce binding your thoughts in sleepe;
The Princeesse does provide him for you, and for her selfe.

Pha. I finde no musique in these boyes. *Meg.* Nor I.
They can do little, and that small they doe,
They have not wit to hide.

Di. Serves he the Princeesse?

Tra. Yes. *Di.* Tis a sweet boy, how brave she keeps him?

Pha. Ladies all good rest; I mean to kill a Buck
To morrow morning, ere y^e have done your dreames.

Meg. All happinesse attend your Grace, Gentlemen good rest,
Come shall we to bed? *Gal.* Yes, all good night. *Exit Gal. Meg.*

Di. May your dreames be true to you;
What shall we doe Gallants Tis late, the King
Is up still, see he comes, a Guard along
With him.

Enter King, Arethusa, and Guard.

K. Looke your intelligence be true.

Are. Upon my life it is: and I doe hope,
Your highnesse will not tye me to a man,
That in the heat of woiuing throwes me off,
And takes another.

Di. What should this meane?

K. If it be true,
That Lady had been better have embrac'd
Curelesse diseases; get you to your rest,
You shall be righted: Gentlemen draw neere,
We shall employ you; Is young *Pharamond*
Come to his lodging?

Ex. Are. Bel.

Di. I saw him enter there.

K. Haile some of you, and cunningly discover,
If *Megra* be in her lodging.

Cle. Sir,

She parted hence but now with other Ladies.

K. If she be there, we shall not need to make

A vaine discovery of our suspicion,
 You gods I see, that who unrighteously
 Holds wealth or state from others, shall be curst,
 In that, which meaner men are blest withall:
 Ages to come shall know no male of him
 Left to inherit, and his name shall be
 Blotted from earth; If he have any child,
 It shall be crossely match'd: the gods themselves
 Shall sow wild strife betwixt her Lord and her.
 Yet, if it be your wils, forgive the sinne
 I have committed, let it not fall
 Upon this understanding child of mine
 She has not broke your Lawes; but how can I,
 Look to be heard of gods, that must be just?
 Praying upon the ground I hold by wrong?

Enter Dion.

Di. Sir I have asked, and her women swear she is within, but they I thinke are bawdes; I told um I must speak with her: they laught, and said their Lady lay speechlesse. I said, my businesse was important, they said their Lady was about it: I grew hot, and cryed my businesse was a matter, that concern'd life and death; they answered, so was sleeping, at which their Lady was; I urg'd again, she had scarce time to be so, since last I saw her; they smil'd again, and seem'd to instruct me, that sleeping was nothing but lying down and winking: Answers more direct I could not get: in short sir, I think she is not there.

K. Tis then no time to dally: you o'th Guard.
 Wait at the back doore of the Princes lodging,
 And see that none passe thence upon your lives.
 Knock Gentlemen: knock loud: lowder yet:
 What, has their pleasure taken off their hearing?
 I'll break your meditations; knock againe:
 Not yet? I do not think he sleepes; having this
 Larum by him; once more, *Pharamond*, Prince.

Pharamond above.

Pha. What sawcy groome knocks at this dead of night?
 Where be our waiters? By my vexed soule,
 He meets his death, that meets me for this boldnesse.

K. Prince you wrong your thoughts, we are your friends,
 Come down. *Pha.* The King? *K.* The same sir, come down,

P H I L A S T E R.

We have cause of present counsel with you.

Pha. If your Grace please to use me, I'll attend you
To your Chamber. *Pha. below.*

K. No, tis too late Prince, I'll make bold with yours.

Pha I have some private reasons to my selfe,
Makes me unmannerly, and say you cannot ;
Nay presse not forward Gentlemen, he must come
Through my life, that comes here. Enter.

K. Sir, be resolv'd I must and will come ;

Pha. I will not be dishonour'd ;
He that enters, enters upon his death ;
Sir, tis a signe you make no stranger of me,
To bring these renegados to my chamber,
At these unseason'd houres. *K.* Why doe you.
Chafe your selfe so? you are not wrong'd, nor shall be ;
Onely I'll search your lodging, for some cause
To our selfe known: Enter I say. *Pha.* I say no. *Meg. above*
Meg. Let um enter Prince,

Let um enter, I am up, and ready; I know their businesse,
Tis the poore breaking of a Ladies honour,
They hunt so hotly after; let um enjoy it,
You have your businesse Gentlemen, I lay here.
O my Lord the King, this is not noble in you.
To make publique the weaknesse of a woman. *K.* Come down.

Meg. I dare my Lord ; your whootings and your clamors,
Your private whispers, and your broad flerings,
Can no more vex my soule, then this base carriage,
But I have vengeance yet in store for some,
Shall in the most contempt you can have of me,
Be joy and nourishment. *K.* Will you come down ?

Meg. Yes, to laugh at your worst: but I shall wring you,
If my skill fail me not.

K. Sir, I must dearly chide you for this loosenesse,
You have wrong'd a worthy Lady ; but no mote,
Conduct him to my lodging, and to bed.

Cle. Get him another wench, and you bring him to bed indeed.

Di. Tis strange a man cannot ride a Stagge
Or two, to breath himselfe without a warrant;
If this geere hold, that lodgings be search'd thus,
Pray heaven we may lie with our own wives in safety,

That

That they be not by some trick of State mistaken.

Enter with *Megra*.

K. Now Lady of honour, where's your honour now ?
 No man can fit your palat, but the Prince.
 Thou most ill shrowded rottenesse ; thou piece
 Made by a Painter and a Pothecary ;
 Thou troubled sea of lust ; thou wildernesse,
 Inhabited by wild thoughts ; thou swolne cloud
 Of Infection ; thou ripe Mine of all diseases ;
 Thou all sinne, all hell, and last, all Devils, tell mee,
 Had you none to pull on with your courtesies,
 But he that must be mine, and wrong my daughter.
 By all the gods, all these, and all the Pages,
 And all the Court shall hoot thee through the Court,
 Fling rotten Oranges, make ribald rimes,
 And seare thy name with candles upon wals :
 Doe you laugh Lady Venus ?

Meg. Faith sir, you must pardon me ;
 I cannot chuse but laugh to see you merry
 If you do this, O King ; nay, if you dare do it ;
 By all those gods you swore by, and as many
 More of my owne ; I will have fellowes, and such
 Fellowes in it, as shall make noble mirth ;
 The Princessse your deare daughter, shall stand by me
 On wals, and sung in ballads, any thing :
 Urge me no more, I know her, and her haunts,
 Her layes, leaps, and outlayes, and will discover all ;
 Nay will dishonour her. I know the boy
 She keepes, a handsome boy ; about eightene :
 Know what she does vvith him, where, and when.
 Come sir, you put me to a womans madnesse,
 The glory of a fury ; and if I doe not
 Doe it to the hight ?

K. What boy is this she raves at ?

Meg. Alas, good minded prince, you know not these things ; I
 am loth to reveal um. Keep this fault
 As you would keep your health from the hot aire
 Of the corrupted people, or by heaven,
 I will not fall alone : what I have knowne,
 Shall be as publique as a print : all tongues

P H I L A S T E R.

Shall speake it as they doe the language they
Are borne in, as free and commonly; T'le set it
Like a prodigious starre for all to gaze at,
And so high & glowing, that other Kingdomes far and forraign.
Shall read it there: nay travail with it, till they finde
No tongue to make it more, nor no more people;
And then behold the fall of your fair Princessse. *K.* Has she a boy.

Cle. So please your Grace I have scene a boy waite
On her, a fair boy. *K.* Goe, get you to your quarter:
For this time I'll study to forget you.

Meg. Doe you study to forget me, and I'll study
To forget you.

Ex. K. Meg. Guard.

Cle. Why here's a male spirit for *Hercules*, if ever there be
nine worthies of women, this wench shall ride a stride, and be
their Captaine.

Di. Sure she has a garrison of Devils in her tongue, she uttered
such bals of wild-fire. She has so nettled the King, that all the
Doctors in the countrey wil scarce cure him. That boy was a
strange found out antidote to cure her infection: that boy, that
Princessse boy: that brave chaff, vertuous Ladies boy: and a faire
boy, a well spoken boy: All these considered, can make nothing
else—but there I leave you Gentlemen.

Tra. Nay, wee'l go wander with you.

Exeunt.

Actus 3. Scena 1.

Enter Cle. Di. Tra.

Cle. Nay, doubtlesse tis true.

Di. I, and tis the gods

That rais'd this punishment to scourge the King
With his own issue: Is it not a shame
For us, that should write noble in the land;
For us, that should be free men, to behold
A man, that is the bravery of his age,
Philaster: prest down from his royall right,
By this regardlesse King; and onely look,
And see the Scepter ready to be cast
Into the hands of that lascivious Lady,
That lives in lust with a smooth boy, now to be
Married to yon strange Prince, who, but that people
Please to let him be a Prince, is borne a slave,

In that which should be his most noble part :
His minde. *Tra.* That man that would not stirre with you,
To aid *Philaster*, let the gods forget,
That such a creature walkes upon the earth.

Cle. *Philaster* is too backward in't himselfe;
The Gentry do await it ; and the people
Against their nature are all bent for him,
And like a field of standing corne, that's mov'd
With a stiffe gale ; their heads bow all one way.

Di. The onely cause that drawes *Philaster* back
From this attempt, is the faire Princes love,
Which he admires and we can now confute.

Tra. Perhaps he'll not believe it.

Di. Why Gentlemen, tis without question so.

Cle. I tis past speech, she lives dishonestly,
But how shall we, if he be curious, worke
Upon his faith. *Tra.* We all are satisfied within our selves.

Di. Since it is true, and tends to his own good,
I'll make this new report to be my knowledge,
I'll say I know it, nay, I'll sweare I saw it.

Cle. It will be best, *Tra.* It will move him. Enter *Philast.*

Di. Here he comes. Good morrow to your honour,
We have spent some time in seeking you. *Phi.* My worthy friends,
You that can keepe your men ones to know
Your friend in miseries, and cannot frowne,
On men disgrac'd for vertue: A good day
Attend you all. What service may I doe worthy your acceptation?

Di. My good Lord.
We come to urge that vertue which we know
Lives in your breast, forth, rise, and make a head,
The Nobles, and the people are all dull'd
With this usurping King; and not a man
That ever heard the word, or knew such a thing
As Vertue, but will second your attempts.

Phi. How honourable is thy love in you,
To me that have deserv'd none? Know my friends
(You that were borne to shame your poore *Philaster*,
With too much courtesie) I could afford
To melt my selfe in thanks; but my designs
Are not yet ripe, suffice it, that ere long.

P H L L A S T E R.

I shal employ your loves: but yet the time is short of what I would:

Di. The time is fuller sir, than you expect;
That which hereafter wil not perhaps be reach'd
By violence, may now be caught; As for the King,
You know the people have long hated him;

But now the Princeesse, whom they lov'd. *Phi.* Why, what of her?

Di. Is loath'd as much as he. *Phi.* By what strange means?

Di. She's known a whore. *Phi.* Thou lyest

Di. My Lord— *Phi.* Thou lyest. *Offers to draw & is held.*

And thou shalt feel it; I had thought thy minde

Had been of honour; thus to rob a Lady

Of her good name, is an infectious sinne,

Not to be pardon'd; be it false as hell,

T'wil never be redeem'd, if it besowne

Amongst the people, fruitful to increase

All evill they shal heare. Let me alone,

That I may cut off falshood, whilst it springs:

Set hills on hills betwixt me and the man

That utters this, and I wil scale them all,

And from the utmost top fall on his neck,

Like thunder from a cloud. *Di.* This is most strange;

Sure he does love her. *Phi.* I do love faire truth:

She is my mistresse, and who injures her,

Drawes vengeance from me. Sirs, let goe my armes.

Tra. Nay, good my Lord be patient.

Cle. Sir, remember this is your honour'd friend,

That comes to do his service, and wil shew you

Why he utter'd this. *Phi.* I ask you pardon sir,

My zeale to truth made me unmannerly:

Should I have heard dishonour spoke of you,

Behind your back untruely, I had been

As much distemper'd, and enrag'd as now.

Di. But this my Lord is truth.

Phi. O say not so, good sir forbare to say so,

Tis the truth that all woman-kind is false;

Urge it no more, it is impossible;

Why should you thinke the Princeesse light?

Di. Why, she was taken at it.

Phi. Tis false, O heaven tis false: it cannot be,

Can it? Speake Gentlemen, for love of truth speake;

Is it possible? can women all be damn'd? *Di.* Way no, my Lord.

Phi. Why then it cannot be. *Di.* And she was taken with her boy.

Phi. What boy? *Di.* A Page, a boy that serves her.

Phi. Oh good gods, a little boy? *Di.* I know you him my Lord?

Phi. Hell and sinne, know him? fir, you are deceiv'd;

I'll reason it a little coldly with you;

If she were lustfull, would she take a boy,

That knowes not yet desire? she would have one

Should meet her thoughts, and knowes the sin he Acts,

Which is the great delight of wickednesse;

You are abus'd, and so is she, and I. *Di.* How you, my Lord?

Phi. Why all the world's abus'd,

In an unjust report. *Di.* Oh, noble fir, your vertues

Cannot looke into the subtile thoughts of woman.

In short my Lord, I tooke them: J my selfe.

Phi. Now all the devils thou didst, flie from my rage,

Would thou hadst tane devils ingendring plagues,

When thou didst take them; hide thee from my eyes,

Would thou hadst taken Thunder on thy breast,

When thou didst take them, or been stricken dumbe

For ever: that this foule deed might have slept in silence.

Tra. Have you known him so ill temper'd? *Cle.* Never before.

Phi. The winds that are let loose,

From the four severall corners of the earth,

And spread themselves all over sea and land,

Kisse not a chaste one. VVhat friend beares a sword

To runne me through?

Di. VVhy, my Lord, are you so mov'd at this?

Phi. When any fals from vertue J am distract,
J have an interest in't.

Di. But good my Lord recall your selfe,
And thinke what's best to be done.

Phi. I thanke you, I wil do it;
Please you to leave me, I'll consider of it;
To morrow I wil fin le your lodging forth,
And give you answer.

The readiest way. *Di.* All the gods direct you.

Tra. He was extreame impatient.

Cle. It was his vertue and his noble minde.

Exit Di. Cle. Tra.

Phi.

P H I L A S T E R.

Phi. I had forgot to ask him where he took them,
 I'll follow him. O that I had a sea
 Within my breast, to quench the fire I feele;
 More circumstances will but fan this fire;
 It more afflicts me now, to know by whom
 This deed is done, then simply that tis done:
 And he that tels me this is honourable,
 As farre from lies, as she is farre from truth.
 O that like beasts, we could not grieve our selves,
 With that we see not; Bulls and Rams wil fight,
 To keepe their females, standing in their sight;
 But take um from them, and you take at once
 Their spleenes away; and they wil fal again
 Unto their pastures, growing fresh and fat,
 And taste the waters of the springs as sweet,
 As twas before; finding no start in sleepe.
 But miserable man; See, see you gods,
 He walkes still; and the face you let him weare
 When he was innocent, is still the same,
 Not blasted; is this justice? Doe you meane
 To intrap mortality, that you allow
 Treason so smooth a brow? I cannot now
 Thinke he is guilty.

Enter Bellario.

Bel. Health to you my Lord;
 The Princeesse doth commend her love, her life,
 And this unto you.

Phi. Oh *Bellario*.
 Now I perceive she loves me, she does shew it
 In loving thee my boy, she has made thee brave.

Bel. My Lord, she has attir'd me past my wish,
 Past my desert, more fit for her attendant,
 Though farre unfit for me, who do attend.

Phi. Thou art growne courtly boy. Oh let all women
 That love black deeds, learn to dissemble here,
 Here, by this paper, she does write to me,
 As if her heart were mines of adamant
 To all the world besides, but unto me,
 A maiden snow that melted with my lookes,
 Tel me my boy how doth the Princeesse use thee?
 For I shall guesse her love to me by that.

Bel. Scarce like her servant, but as if I were
 Something allied to her; Or had preserv'd

Her

P H I L A S T E R.

Her life three times by my fidelity,
 As mothers fond do use their onely sonnes ;
 As I'de use one, that's left unto my trust,
 For whom my life should pay, if he met harme,
 So she does use me. *Phi.* Why, this is wondrous well ;
 But what kind language does she feed thee with?

Bel. Why she does tel me, she wil trust my youth
 With all her loving secrets; and does call me
 Her pretty servant, bids me weep no more
 For leaving you: shee'l see my services
 Regarded; and such words of that soft straine,
 That I am neerer weeping when she ends
 Then ere she spake. *Phi.* This is much better still.

Bel. Are you not ill my Lord?

Phi. Il? No *Bellario*.

Bel. Methinks your words
 Fall not from off your tongue so evenly,
 Nor is there in your looks that quietnesse,
 That I was wont to see *Phi.* Thou art deceiv'd boy :
 And she strokes thy head? *Bel.* Yes.

Phi. And she does clap thy cheekes?

Bel. She does my Lord.

Phi. And she does kisse thee boy? ha; *Bel.* How my Lord?

Phi. She kisses thee? *Bel.* Not so my Lord.

Phi. Come, come, I know she does. *Bel.* No, by my life.

Phi. Why then she does not love me; come, she does,
 I bad her do it; I chaig'd her by all charmes
 Of love between us, by the hope of peace
 We should enjoy, to yield thee all delights
 Naked, as to her bed: I took her oath
 Thou should'st enjoy her: Tell me gentle boy,
 Is she not parallellesse? Is not her breath,
 Sweet as *Arabian* winds, when fruits are ripe?
 Are not her breasts two liquid Ivory balls?
 Is she not all, a lasting Mine of joy?

Bel. I, now I see, why my disturbed thoughts
 Were so perplext. When first I went to her
 My heart held augury; you are abus'd,
 Some villaine has abus'd you: I doe see
 Whereto you tend; fall rocks upon his head,

That put this to you ; tis some subtle traine,
To bring that noble frame of yours to nought.

Phi. Thou think'st I will be angry with thee ; Come
Thou shalt know all my drift , I hate her more,
Then I love happinesse, and plac'd thee there,
To pry with narrow eyes into her deeds;
Hast thou discover'd; Is she faine to lust,
As I would wish her? Speake some comfort to me.

Bel. My Lord ,you did mistake the boy you sent :
Had she the lust of Sparrowes, or of Goates;
Had she a sinne that way, hid from the world,
Beyond the name of lust, I would not aid
Her base desires; but what I came to know
As servant to her, I would not reveale, to make my life last ages.

Phi. Oh my heart; this is a salve worse then the main disease.
Tell me thy thoughts; for I wil know the least
That dwels within thee, or wil rip thy heart
To know it; I wil see thy thoughts as plaine,
As I do now thy face. *Bel.* Why so you doe.
She is (for ought I know) by all the gods,
As chaste as Ice; but were she soule as hell
And I did know it, thus; the breath of Kings,
The points of swords, tortures, nor bulls of Brasse,
Should draw it from me. *Phi.* Then tis no time to dally with thee;
I wil take thy life, for I doe hate thee; I could curse thee now.

Bel. If you do hate, you could not curse me worse;
The gods have not a punishment in store,
Greater for me, then is your hate.

Phi. Fie, fie, so young and so dissembling;
Tell me when and where thou dost enjoy her,
Or let plagues fall on me, if I destroy thee not.

Bel. Heaven knowes I never did: and when I lie
To save my life, may I live long and loath'd.
Hew me asunder, and whilst I can thinke,
I'll love those peeces you have cut away,
Better then those that grow: and kisse those limbes,
Because you made um so. *Phi.* Fearest thou not death?

Can boyes contemne that? *Bel.* Oh, what boy is he,
Can be content to live to be a man
That sees the best of men thus passionate, thus without reason?

Phi.

Phi. Oh, but thou dost not know what tis to die.

Bel. Yes, I doe know my Lord;
Tis lesse then to be borne; a lasting sleepe,
A quiet resting from all jealousie;
A thing we all pursue; I know besides,
It is but giving over of a game, that must be lost.

Phi. But there are paines, false boy,
For perjur'd soules; thinke but on these, and then
Thy heart wil melt, and thou wilt utter all.

Bel. May they fall all upon me whilst I live,
If I be perjur'd or have ever thought
Of that you charge me with; if I be false,
Send me to suffer in those punishments you speake of; kill me.

Phi. Oh, what should I doe?
Why, who can but believe him? He does sweare
So earnestly, that if it were not true,
The gods would not endure him. Rise *Bellaris*,
Thy protestations are so deepe; and thou
Dost looke so truly, when thou utterest them,
That though I know um false, as were my hopes,
I cannot urge thee further; but thou wert
To blame to injure me, for I must love
Thy honest lookes, and take no revenge upon
Thy tender youth; A love from me to thee
Is firme, what ere thou dost: It troubles me
That I have call'd the blood out of thy cheeks,
That did so wel become thee: But good boy
Let me not see thee more; something is done,
That will distract me, that wil make me mad,
If I behold thee: if thou tender'st me,
Let me not see thee. *Bel.* I wil flye as farr e
As there is morning, ere I give distaste
To that most honour'd mind. But through these teares
Shed at my hopelesse parting, I can see
A world of treason practis'd upon you,
And her, and me. Farewel for ever more;
If you shal hear, that sorrow struck me dead,
And after finde me loyall, let there be
A tear shed from you in my memory.
And I shal rest at peace.

Exit Bell.

Phi.

P H I L A S T E R.

Phi. Blessing be with thee,
What ever thou deserv'st. Oh, where shall I
Go bath this body? Nature too unkind,
That made no medicine for a troubled mind. *Ex. Phi.*

Enter Arethusa.

Arc. I marvaile my boy comes not back againe;
But that I know my love will question him,
Over and over; how I slept, wak'd, talk'd;
How I remembred him when his deare name
Was last spoke, and how, when I sigh'd, wept, sung,
And ten thousand such: I should be angry at his stay.

Enter King.

K. What at your meditations? who attends you?

Arc. None but my single selfe, I need no guard;
I do no wrong, nor feare none.

K. Tel me: have you not a boy? *Arc.* Yes sir.

K. What kind of boy? *Arc.* A Page, a waiting boy.

K. A handsome boy? *Arc.* I think he be not ugly;
Wel qualified, and dutifull, I know him,
I took him not for beauty. *K.* He speakes, and sings, and playes?

Arc. Yes sir. *K.* About eighteen?

Arc. I never ask'd his age. *K.* Is he full of service?

Arc. By your pardon, why doe you aske? *K.* Put him away.

Arc. Sir. *K.* Put him away, has done you that good service
Shames me to speak off. *Arc.* Good sir let me understand you.

K. If you feare me, shew it in duty; put away that boy.

Arc. Let me have reason for it sir, and then
Your will is my command.

K. Do not you blush to ask it? Cast him off,

Or I shall doe the same to you. Y'are one
Shame with me, and so near unto my selfe,
That by my life, I dare not tell my selfe,

What you, my self have done. *Arc.* What have I done my Lord?

K. Tis a new language, that all love to learn,
The common people speak it well already,

They need no Grammer; understand me well,

There be foule whispers stirring; cast him off,

And suddainly; doe it: Farewell. *Exit King.*

Arc. Where may a maiden live securely free,
Keeping her honour safe? Not with the living,

P H I L A S T E R.

They feed upon opinions, errours, dreames,
And make um truths; they draw a nourishment
Out of defamings, grow upon disgraces,
And when they see a vertue fortified,
Strongly above the battry of their tongues;
Oh, how they cast to sinke it; and defeated
(Soule sick with poyson) strike the Monuments
Where noble names lie sleeping: till they swear,
And the cold Marble melt.

Enter *Philaster*.

Phi. Peace to your fairest thoughts, dearest *Mistresse*.

Arc. Oh my dearest servant, I have a warre within me.

Phi. He must be more then man, that makes these *Christalls*
Run into rivers; sweetest faire, the cause;
And as I am your slave, tied to your goodnesse,
Your creature made again from what I was,
And newly spirited; He right your honour.

Arc. Oh, my best love; that boy!

Phi. What boy?

Arc. The pretty boy you gave me.

Phi. What of him?

Arc. Must be no more mine.

Phi. Why?

Arc. They are jealous of him.

Phi. Jealous, who?

Arc. The King.

Ph. Oh my fortune,

Then tis no idle jealousy. Let him goe.

Arc. Oh cruell, are you hard hearted too?

VVho shall now tell you, how much I loved you;
VVho shall swear it to you, and weepe the teares I send?
VVho shall now bring you letters, rings, bracelets,
Lose his health in service? VVake tedious nights
In stories of your praise? VVho shall sing
Your crying Elegies? And strike a sad soule
Into senselesse pictures, and make them moun?
VVho shall take up his Lute, and touch it, till
He crowne a silent sleep upon my eye-lid,
Making me dreame and cry, Oh my deare, deare *Philast*.

Phi. Oh my heart?

VVould he had broken thee, that made thee know
This Lady was not loyall. *Mistresse*, forget
The boy, I'll get thee a farre better,

Arc. Oh never, never scuh a boy againe, as my *Bellaris*.

Bel. Tis but your fond affection.

Arc.

Are. With thee my boy, farewell for ever;
All secrecy in servants: farewell faith,
And all desire to do well for it selfe:
Let all that shall succeed thee, for thy wrongs,
Sell, and betray chaste love.

Phi. And all this passion for a boy?

Are. He was your boy, and you put him to me,
And the losse of such must have a mourning for.

Phi. O thou forgetfull woman.

Are. How, my Lord?

Phi. False *Arethusa*!

Hast thou a medicine to restore my wits,
When I have lost um? If not, leave to talke, and do thus.

Are. Doe what sit? would you sleep?

Phi. For ever *Arethusa*, Oh you gods,
Give me a worthy patience: Have I stood
Naked, alone, the shock of many fortunes?
Have I seene mischiefs numberlesse, and mighty?
Grow like a sea upon me? Have I taken
Danger as sterne as death into my bosome,
And laught upon it, made it but a mirth,
And flung it by? Doe I live now like him,
Under this tyrant King, that languishing
Heares his sad bell, and sees his mourners? Doe I
Beare all this bravely? and must sinke at length
Under a womans falshood? Oh that boy,
That cursed boy? None but a villain boy, to ease your lust?

Are. Nay, then I am betray'd,
I feel the plot cast for my overthrow; Oh I am wretched.

Phi. Now you may take that little right I have
To this poore Kingdome; give it to your joy,
For I have no joy in it. Some farre place,
Where never woman kind durst set her foot,
For bursting with her poysons, must I seeke,
And live to curse you;
There dig a Cave, and preach to birds and beasts,
What woman is, and help to save them from you.
How heaven is in your eyes, but in your hearts,
More hell then hell has; how your tongues like Scorpions,
Both heal and poyson; how your thoughts are woven
With thousand changes in one subtle webbe,

And worne so by you, How that foolish man,
That reads the story of a womans face,
And dies believing it, is lost for ever.
How all the good you have, is but a shadow,
Ith morning with you, and at night behind you,
Past and forgotten. How your vowes are frosts,
Fast for a night, and with the next sun gone.
How you are, being taken all together,
A meere confusion, and so dead a *Chaos*,
That love cannot distinguish. These sad texts
Till my last houre, I am bound to utter of you ;
So farewell all my woe, all my delight. *Exit Phi.*

Are Be mercifull ye gods, and strike me dead;
What way have I deserv'd this ? Make my brest
Transparent as pure Christall, that the world
Jealons of me, may see the foulest thought
My heart holds. Where shall a woman turn her eyes,
To finde out constancy? Save me, how black, *Enter Bell.*
And guilty (me thinkes) that boy lookes now?
Oh thou dissembler, that before thou spok'st
Wert in thy cradle false ! sent to make lies,
And betray innocents; thy Lord and thou,
May glory in the ashes of a maid.
Foold by her passion; but the conquest is,
Nothing so great as wicked. Fly away,
Let my command force thee to that, which shame
Would doe without it. If thou understood'st
The loathed office thou hast undergone,
Why thou wouldst hide thee under heaps of hils,
Least men should dig and finde thee. *Bell.* Oh what god
Angry with men, hath sent this strange disease
Into the noblest minds? Madam this grieve
You adde unto me is no more then drops
To seas, for which they are not seen to swell;
My Lord hath struck his anger through my heart,
And let out all the hope of future joyes,
You need not bid me fly, I came to part,
To take my latest leave Farewell for ever;
I durst not runne away in honesty,
From such a Lady, like a boy that stole,

PHILASTER.

Or made some grievous fault; the power of gods
Assist you in your sufferings; hasty time
Reveale the truth to your abused Lord,
And mine: That he may know your worth; whilst I
Goe seeke out some forgotten place to die. *Exit Bell.*

Are. Peace guide thee; thast overthrowne me once,
Yet if I had another Troy to lose,
Thou or another villaine with thy lookes,
Might talke me out of it, and send me naked,
My haire dishevel'd through the fiery streets?

Enter a Lady.

La. Madam, the King would hunt, and calls for you
With earnestnesse. *Are.* I am in tune to hunt:
Diana if thou canst rage with a maid,
As with a man, let me discover thee
Bathing, and turne me to a fearefull Hinde,
That I may die pursued by cruell hounds,
And have my story written in my wounds. *Exeunt.*

Actus 4. Scæna I.

*Enter King, Pharamond, Arethusa, Gallatea, Megra, Dion,
Cleremont, Traslin, and attendants.*

K. What are the hounds before, and all the woodmen?
Our horses ready, and our bowes bent. *Di.* All sir.

K. Y^ere cloudy sir, come we have forgotten
Your veniall trespassse, let not that sit heavy
Upon your spirit; none dare utter it.

Di. He lookes like an old surfeited stallion after his leaping, dull
as a Dormouse: see how he sinks; the wench has shot him be-
tween wind and water, and I hope sprung a leake.

Tra. He needs no teaching, he strikes sure enough; his greatest
fault is, he hunts too much in the purlues, would he would leave
off poaching.

Di. And for his horne, has left it at the lodge where he lay late;
Oh, hee's a pretious lime-hound; turne him loose upon the pur-
suite of a Lady, and if he lose her, hang him up i^th slip. When my
Foxbitch Beury growes proud, I'll borrow him.

K. Is your boy turn'd away?

Are.

P H I L A S T E R.

Are. You did command sir, and I obeyed you.

K. Tis wel done: Harke ye further.

Cle. Is't possible this fellow should repent? Me thinkes that were not noble in him: and yet he lookes like a mortified member, as if he had a sick mans salve in's mouth. If a worse man had done this fault now, some physycall Justice or other, would presently (without the helpe of an Almanack) have opened the obstructions of his liver, and let him bloud vvith a dog-whip.

Di. See, see, how modestly yon Lady lookes, as if she came from Churching with her neighbour; why, what a devil can a man see in her face, but that shee's honest?

Pha. Troth no great matter to speak of, a foolish twinkling with the eye, that spoiles her coat; but he must be a cunning Herald that findes it.

Di. See how they muster one another! O theres a rank regiment, where the Devill carries the Colours, and his Dam Drum-major. Now the world and the flesh come behind with the Carriage.

Cle. Sure this Lady has a good turne done her against her will: before she was common talke, now none dare say, Cantharides can stirre her, Her face lookes like a warrant, willing and commanding all tongues, as they will answer it, to be tied up and bolted when this Lady meanes to let her selfe loose. As I live, she has got her a goodly protection, and a gracious; and may use her body discreetly, for her healths sake, once a week, excepting Lent and Dog. dayes: oh if they were to be got for money, what a great summe would come out of the City for these licenses?

K. To horse, to horse, we lose the morning Gentlemen. *Ex.*

Enter two Woodmen.

1 Wood. What have you lodged the Deere?

2 Wood. Yes, they are ready for the bow.

1 Wood. Who shoots?

2 Wood. The Princeesse.

1 Wood. No, shee'l hunt,

2 Wood. Shee'l take a stand I say:

1 Wood. Who else?

2 Wood. Why the young stranger Prince:

1 Wood. He shal shoot in a stone bow for me. I never lov'd his beyond-sea-ship, since he forsook the say, for paying ten shillings: he was there at the fall of a Deere, and would needs (out of his mightinesse) give ten groats for the Dowcers; marry the steward would have had the velvet head into the bargain, to tuff his hat withall:

P H I L A S T E R.

withall : I thinke he should love venery, he is an old fir *Trisfram*, for if you be remembred, he forsook the Stagge once, to strike a rascall milking in a medow, & her he kild in the eye. Who shoots else ? 2 *Wood*. The Lady *Gallatea*.

1 *Wood*. That's a good wench, and she would not chide us for tumbling of her women in the brakes. Shee's liberall, and by my Bow they say shee's honest, and whether that be a fault, I have nothing to doe. There's all? 2 *Wood*. No, one more *Megra*.

1 *Wood*. That's a firker I faith boy: There's a wench will ride her haunches as hard after a kennel of hounds, as a hunting saddle; and when she comes home, get um clapt, and all is well againe. I have knowne her lose her selfe three times in one afternoon (if the woods have been answerable) and it has been worke enough for one man to finde her, and he has sweat for it. She rides well, and she payes well. Hark, let's goe. *Exeunt*. Enter *Philaster*.

Phi. Oh, that I had been nourished in these woods,
With milke of Goats, and Akrons, and not known
The right of Crownes, nor the dissembling traines
Of womens lookes; but dig'd my selfe a Cave,
Where I, my fire, my Cattel, and my bed,
Might have been shut together in one shed;
And then had taken me some mountain girle,
Beaten with winds, chaste as the hardened rocks
Whereon she dwels; that might have strewed my bed
With leaves, and reeds, and with the skinnes of beasts
Our neighbours; And have borne at her big breasts
My large course issue. This had been a life free from vexation.

Enter *Bellario*.

Bell. Oh wicked men!
An innocent may walke safe among beasts,
Nothing assaults me here. See, my griev'd Lord,
Sits as his soul were searching out a way,
To leave his body. Pardon me that must
Break thy last commandement; For I must speak;
You that are griev'd can pittie; heare my Lord,

Phi. Is there a creature yet so miserable,
That I can pittie? *Bell*. Oh my noble Lord,
View my strange fortune, and bestow on me,
According to your bounty (if my service
Can merit nothing) so much as may serve

P H I L A S T E R.

To keepe that little piece I hold of life,
From cold and hunger. *Phi.* Is it thou? be gone:
Goe sell those misbecseeming clothes thou wear'st,
And feed thy selfe with them.

Bel. Alas, my Lord, I can get nothing for them:
The silly Countrey people thinke tis treason
To touch such gay things. *Phi.* Now by my life this is
Unkindly done, to vex me with thy sight;
Th'art false again to thy dissembling trade:
How should'st thou thinke to cozen me againe?
Remaines there yet a plague untride for me.
Even so thou wepst and spok'st when first
I took thee up; curse on the time. If thy
Commanding tears can worke on any other,
Use thy art, Ile not betray it. Which way
Wilt thou take, that I may shun thee;
For thine eyes are poyson to mine; and I
Am loth to grow in rage. This way, or that way?

Bel. Any will serve, but I will chuse to have
That path iuchase that leads unto my grave.

Exit Phi. Bel. severally.

Enter Dion and the Woodmen.

Di. This is the strangest sudden chance! You Woodman.

1 Wood. My Lord *Dion.*

Di. Saw you a Lady come this way, on a fable horse studded
with starres of white? *2 Wood.* Was she not young and tall?

Di. Yes; Rode she to the wood, or to the plaine?

2 Wood. Faith my Lord we saw none.

Exit Woodmen.

Enter Cleremont.

Di. Pox of your questions then. What, is she found?

Cle. Nor will be I thinke.

Di. Let him seeke his daughter himselfe; she cannot stray about
a little necessary naturall businesse, but the whole Court must be in
Armes; when she has done, we shall have peace.

Cle. Theres already a thousand fatherlesse tales amongst us; some
say her horse ran away with her: some, a Wolfe pursued her:
others, it was a plot to kill her; and that armed men were seene
in the Wood; but questionlesse, she rode away willingly.

Enter King and Trasiline.

K. Where is she?

Cle. Sir, I cannot tell.

K. How

K. How is that? answer me so again. *Cle.* Sir, shall I lie?

K. Yes, lie and damn, rather then tell me that;

I say again, where is she? Mutter not;

Sir, speake you where is she? *Di.* Sir, I do not know.

K. Speak that again so boldly, and by heaven

It is thy last. You fellowes, answer me,

Where is she? Marke me all, I am your King.

I wish to see my daughter, shew her me;

I do command you all, as you are subjects,

To shew her me, what am I not your King?

If I, then am I not to be obeyed?

Di. Yes, if you command things possible and honest.

K. Things possible and honest. Heare me, thou,

Thou traytor, that dar'st confine thy King to things

Possible and honest; shew her me,

Or let me perish, if I cover not all *Cicily* with boud.

Di. Indeed I cannot, unlesse you tell me where she is.

K. You have betray'd me, y'have let me lose

The Jewell of my life; go, bring her me.

And set her here before me; tis the King

Will have it so, whose breath can still the Winds,

Uncloud the Sunne, charme down the swelling Sea,

And stop the fouds of heaven; speak, can it not? *Di.* No.

K. No? Cannot the breath of Kings doe this?

Di. No, nor smell sweet it selfe, if once the lungs

Be but corrupted. K. Is it so? Take heed.

Di. Sir, take you heed; how you dare the powers

That must be just. K. Alas, what are we Kings?

Why do you gods place us above the rest;

To be serv'd, flatter'd, and ador'd, till we

Believe we hold within our hands your thunder,

And when we come to try the power we have,

There's not a lease shakes at our threatnings.

I have sinn'd tis true, and here stand to be punish'd;

Yet would not thus be punish'd, let me chuse

My way, and lay it on.

Di. He articles with the gods; would some body would draw bonds, for the performance of covenants betwixt them.

Enter *Pha. Gallatea, and Megra.*

K. What is she found? *Pha.* No, we have tane her horse.

He gallopt empty by : there's some treason;

You *Gallatea* rode with her into the wood; why left you her?

Gal. She did command me. *K.* Command! you should not.

Gal. T'would ill become my fortunes, and my birth
To disobey the daughter of my King.

K. Y'are all cunning! to obey us for our hurt,
But I will have her. *Pha.* If I have her not,

By this hand there shall be no more *Cicilie*.

Di. What will he carry it to *Spaine* in's pocket?

Pha. I will not leave one man alive, but the King,
A Cook, and a Taylor.

Di. Yet you may doe well to spare your Lady bed-fellow, and
her you may keep for a Spawner.

K. I see the injuries I have done must be reveng'd.

Di. Sir, this is not the way to find her out.

K. Run all, disperse your selves: the man that finds her,
Or (if she be kild) the traytor, I'll make him great,

Di. I know some would give five thousand pounds to find her.

Pha. Come let us seek.

K. Each man a severall way, here I my selfe.

Di. Come Gentlemen, we here.

Cle. Lady you must goe search too,

Meg. I had rather be search'd my selfe

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Arethusa.

Are. Where am I now? Feet, find me out a way,
Without the counsell of my troubled head,
I'll follow you boldly about these woods,
O're mountaines, thorow brambles, pits, and foulds:
Heaven I hope will ease me, I am sick.

Enter Bellario.

Bel. Yonder's my Lady; Heaven knowes I want nothing,
Because I do not wish to live; yet I
Will try her charity. O heare, you that have plenty,
From that flowing store, drop some on dry ground; see,
The lively red is gone to guard her heart;
I fear she faints; Madam look up, she breaths not;
Open once more those rosie twins, and send
Unto my Lord, your latest farewell I Oh, she stirres:
How is it Madam? Speak comfort.

Are. Tis not gently done,

To put me in a miserable life,
And hold me there; I pray thee let me goe,
I shall do best without thee; I am well.

Enter *Philaster*.

Phi. I am to blame to be so much in rage,
I'll tell her coolly, when and where, I heard
This killing truth. I will be temperate
In speaking, and as just in hearing.
Oh monstrous! Tempt me not you gods, good gods
Tempt not a fraile man, what's he, that has a heart,
But he must ease it here?

Bel. My Lord, help, the Princess.

Arc. I am well, forbear.

Phi. Let me love lightening, let me be embrac'd
And kist by Scorpions, or adore the eyes
Of Basilisks, rather then trust to tongues
And shrinke these veines up; stick me here a stone
Lasting to ages in the memory
Of this damned act. Heare me you wicked ones.
You have put hills of fire into this breast,
Not to be quench'd with teares; for which may guilt
Sit on your bosomes; at your meales, and beds,
Despaire await you; what, before my face?
Poyson of Aspes between your lips; Diseases
Be your best issues; Nature makes a curse
And throw it on you.

Arc. Deare *Philaster*, leave
To be enrag'd, and here me. *Phi.* I have done;

Forgive my passion, not the calmed sea,
When *Eolus* looks up his windy brood,
Is lesse disturb'd then I, I'll make you know it.
Deare *Arethusa*, do but take this sword,
And search how temperate a heart I have;
Then you and this your boy, may live and raigne
In lust without controle; Wilt thou *Belario*?
I prethee kill me; thou art poor, and maist
Nourish ambitious thoughts; when I am dead:
This way were freer; Am I raging now?
If I were mad I should desire to live;
Sirs, feel my pulse; whether have you known
A man in a more equall tune to die?

Bel. Alas my Lord, your pulse keeps madmans time,
So docs your tongue. *Phi.* You will not kill me then?

P H I L A S T E R.

Are. Kill you? *Bell.* Not for a world.

Phi. I blame not thee;

Bellario; thou hast done but that, which gods
Would have transformed themselves to doe; be gone,
Leave me without reply; this is the last
Of all our meeting. Kill me with this sword;
Be wise or worse will follow: we are two
Earth cannot bear at once. Resolve to doe, or suffer.

Are. If my fortune be so good, to let me fall
Upon thy hand, I shall have peace in death.
Yet tell me this, will there be no slaunders,
No jealousies in the other world, no ill there? *Phi.* No.

Are. Shew me then the way. *Phi.* Then guide
My feeble hand, you that have power to do it,
For I must performe a piece of Justice. If your youth
Have any way offended heaven, let prayers
Short and effectuall reconcile you to it.

Are. I am prepared. Enter a Countrey fellow.

Coun. I'll see the King if he be in the Forrest, I have hunted him
these two hours; if I should come home and not see him, my sisters
would laugh at me; I can see nothing but people better horst then
my self, that out rid me; I can hear nothing but shewing. These
Kings had need of good braines, this whooping is able to put a
mean man out of his wits. Ther's a Courtier with his sword
drawn, by this hand upon a woman, I think.

Phi. Are you at peace? *Are.* With heaven and earth.

Phi. May they divide thy soul and body?

Coun. Hold dastard, strike a woman! th'art a craven I warrant
thee, thou wouldest be loth to play halfe a dozen of venies at wa-
sters with a good fellow for a broken head.

Phi. Leave us good friend.

Are. What ill bred man art thou, to intrude thy selfe
Upon our private sports, our recreations.

Court. God uds, I understand you not, but I know the rogue
has hurt you. *Ph.* Pursue thy own affairs: it will be ill

To multiply bloud upon my head; which thou wilt force me to.

Coun. I know not your Rhetorick, but I can lay it on if you
touch the woman. They fight.

Phi. Slave, take what thou deservest.

Are. Heavens guard my Lord. *Coun.* Oh doe you breath?

Phi.

P H I L A S T E R.

Phi. I heare the tread of people: I am hurt.
The gods take part against me, could this Boore
Have held me thus else? I must shift for life,
Though I doe loath it. I would finde a course,
To lose it, rather by my will then force. *Exit Philaster.*
Conn. I cannot follow the rogue: I pray the wench come and
kisse me now.

Enter Phara, Dion, Cle. Trafi. and Woodmen.

Pha. What art thou?
Conn. Almost kild I am for a foolish woman; a knave has hurt her
Pha. The Princeesse Gentlemen! Where's the wound Madam?
Is it dangerous? *Are.* He has not hurt me.
Conn. I faith sheliies, has hurt her in the breast, looke else.
Pha. O sacred spring of innocent bloud.
Di. Tis above wonder! who should dare this? *Are.* I felt it not.
Pha. Speake villaine who has hurt the Princeesse?
Conn. Is it the Princeesse? *Di.* I.
Conn. Then I have seen something yet.
Pha. But who has hurt her?
Conn. I told you a rogue I ne're saw him before, I:
Pha. Madam who did it?
Are. Some dishonest wretch, alas I know him not,
And do forgive him.

Conn. Hee's hurt to, he cannot goe farre; I made my fathers old
fox flie about his eares, *Pha.* How will you have me kill him?

Are. Not at all, tis some distracted fellow.

Pha. By this hand, Ile leave neer a piece of him bigger then a
nut, and bring him all in my hat. *Are.* Nay, good Sir,
If you do take him bring him quick to me,
And I will study for a punishment,
Great as his fault. *Pha.* I will. *Are.* But sweare.

Pha. By all my love I will: Woodmen conduct the Princeesse to
the King, and beare that wounded fellow to dressing; Come Gen-
tlemen, wee'll follow the chase close.

Exit Are, Pha, Di, Cle, Tra. & 1 Woodman.

Conn. I pray yon friend let me see the King:

2 Wood. That you shall, and receive thanks. *Exeunt.*

Conn. If I get clear with this, I'll go to see no more gay sights.

Enter Bellario.

Bell. A heavinesse near death sits on my brow,

And

And I must sleep : Beare methou gentle bank,
 For ever if thou wilt: you sweet ones all,
 Let me unworthy presse you : I could wish
 I rather were a Coarse strewed ore with you,
 Then quick above you. Dulnesse shuts mine eyes;
 And I am giddy; Oh that I could take
 So sound a sleepe, that I might never wake. Enter *Philaster*.

Phi. I have done ill, my conscience calls me false,
 To strike at her, that would not strike at me :
 When I did fight, me thought I heard her pray
 The gods to guard me. She may be abus'd,
 And I a loathed villaine : if she be,
 She will conceale who hurt her; He has wounds,
 And cannot follow, neither knowes he me.
 Who's this? *Bellario* sleeping? If thou beest
 Guilty, there is no justice that thy sleepe *cry within.*
 Should be so sound, and mine, whom thou hast wrong'd,
 So broken : Hark I am pursued: you gods
 I'll take this offer'd meanes of my escape :
 They have no marke to know me, but my wounds,
 If she be true; if false, let mischief light
 On all the world at once. Sword, print my wounds
 Upon this sleeping boy; I ha none I thinke
 Are mortall, nor would I lay greater on thee. *wounds im.*

Bel. Oh death I hope is come, blest be that hand,
 It meant me well; again, for pities sake.

Phi. I have caught my selfe, *Phi. fals.*
 The losse of bloud hath stayed my flight. Here, here
 Is he that stroke thee : take thy full revenge,
 Use me, as I did mean thee, worse then death:
 I'll teach thee to revenge this lucklesse hand
 Wounded the Princeesse, tell my followers,
 Thou didst receive these hurt; in slaying me,
 And I will second thee : Get a reward.

Bell. Fly, fly my Lord, and save your selfe. *Phi.* How's this?
 Wouldst thou I should be safe? *Tell.* Else were it vaine

For me to live. These little wounds I have,
 Ha not bled much, reach me that noble hand,
 He helpe to cover you. *Phi.* Art thou true to me?

Bell. Or let me perish loath'd. Come my good Lord,

Creep in among those bushes; who does know
But that the gods may save your (much lov'd) breath.

Phi. Then I shall die for griefe, if not for this,
That I have wounded thee : what wilt thou doe?

Bell. Shift for my selfe well; peace, I heare um come.

Within. Follow, follow, follow; that way they went.

Bell. With my own wounds I'll bloody my own sword.
I need not counterfeite to fall; Heaven knowes,
That I can stand no longer.

Enter Pharamond, Dion, Cleremont, Thrasiline.

Pha. To this place we have tract him by his blood.

Cle. Yonder, my Lord, creeps one away.

Di. Stay sir, what are you?

Bell. A wretched creature wounded in these woods
By beasts; relieve me, if your names be men,
Or I shall perish. *Di.* This is he my Lord,
Upon my soul that hurt her; tis the boy,
That wicked boy that serv'd her. *Pha.* O thou damn'd in thy cre-
What cause could'st thou shape to hurt the Princeesse? (ation!

Bel. Then I am betrayed. *Di.* Betrayed; no, apprehended.

Bel. I confesse;

Urge it no more, that big with evill thoughts
I set upon her, and did take my aime
Her death; For charity let fall at once
The punishment you mean, and do not load
This weary flesh with tortures.

Pha. I will know who hir'd thee to this deed?

Bel. Mine own revenge. *Pha.* Revenge, for what?

Bel. It pleas'd her to receive

Me as her Page, and when my fortunes eb'd,
That men strid o're them carelessly, she did shewre
Her welcome graces on me, and did swell
My fortunes, till they overflowed their bankes;
Threatning the men that crost um; when as swift
As stormes arise at Sea, she turn'd her eyes
To burning Sunnes upon me, and did dry
The streames she had bestowed, leaving me worse
And more contemn'd then other little brookes;
Because I had been great : In short, I knew
I could not live, and therefore did desire.

P H I L A S T E R.

To die reveng'd. *Pha.* If tortures can be found,
Long as thy naturall life, resolve to feele
The utmost rigour. *Philaster creeps out of a bush.*

Cle. Help to lead him hence.

Phi. Turne back you ravishers of Innocence,
Know ye the price of that you bear away so rudely?

Pha. Who's that? *Di.* Tis the Lord *Philaster.*

Phi. Tis not the treasure of all Kings in one,
The wealth of *Tagus*, nor the rocks of pearle,
That pave the Court of *Neptune*, can weigh down
That vertue. It was I that hurt the Princessse.

Place me, some god, upon a *Piramis*,
Higher then hills of earth, and lend a voice
Loud as your thunder to me, that from thence,
I may discourse to all the under-world,
The worth that dwels in him. *Pha.* How's this?

Bell. My Lord, someman

Weary of life, that would be glad to die.

Phi. Leave these untimely courtesies *Bellarion*.

Bell. Alas he is mad, come will you lead me on?

Phi. By all the oathes that men ought most to keepe:
And Gods do punish most, when men do break,
He toucht her not. Take heed *Bellarion*,
How thou dost drowne the vertues thou hast showne
With perjury. By all that's good twas I:
You know she stood betwixt me and my right.

Pha. Thy owntongue be thy Judge. *Cle.* It was *Philaster.*

Di. Ist not a brave boy?

Well Sirs, I feare me we were all deceived.

Phi. Have I no friend here? *Di.* Yes.

Phi. Then shew it;

Some good body lend a hand to draw us neerer.
Would you have teares shed for you wden you die?
Then lay me gently on his neck, that there
I may weepe fouds, and breath out my spirit:
Tis not the wealth of *Plutus*, nor the gold
Lockt in the heart of earth, can buy away
This armefull from me, this had been a ranfome
To have redeem'd the great *Augustus Caesar*,
Had he been taken, you hard hearted men,

P H I L A S T E R.

More stony then these mountaines, can you see
Such clear pure blood drop, and not cut your flesh
To stop his life? To bind whose better wounds,
Queens ought to teare their hair, and with their tears
Bath um. Forgive me, thou that art the wealth of poor *Philaster*.

Enter *King, Arethusa, and a guard.* *K.* Is the villaine tane?

Pha. Sir, here be two, confesse the deed; but say it was *Philaster*.

Phi. Question it no more, it was.

K. The fellow that did fight with him will tell us.

Are. Ay me, I know he will. *K.* Did not you know him?

Are. Sir, if it was he, he was disguised.

Phi. I was so, Oh my stars! that I should live still.

K. Thou ambitious fool;

Thou that hast laid a traine for thy own life;

Now I doe mean to doe, I'll leave to talke, bear him to prison.

Are. Sir, they did plot together to take hence

This harmelesse life; should it passe unreveng'd,

I should to earth goe weeping; grant me then,

(By all the love a father bears his child)

Their custodies, and that I may appoint

Their tortures and their deaths.

Di. Death? soft, our law will not reach that, for this fault.

K. 'Tis granted; take um to you, with a guard.

Come princely *Pharamond*, this businesse past,

We may with more security, goe on to your intended match. (ple.

Cle. I pray that this action lose not *Phil.* the hearts of the peo-

Di. Fear it not, their overwise heads will think it but a trick.

Finis Actus qu. rti.

Exeunt omnes.

Actus quintus. Scæna prima.

Enter *Dion, Clevermond, and Traslune.*

Tra. Has the King sent for him to death?

Di. Yes, but the King must know, tis not in his power to war
with heaven.

Cle. We linger time; the King sent for *Philaster* and the headf-
man an hour agoe. *Tra.* Are all his wounds well?

Di. All they were but scratches, but the losse of blood made him
faint. *Cle.* We dally Gentlemen. *Tra.* A way.

Di. Wee'll scuffle hard before he perish.

Exeunt.

Enter

P H I L A S T E R.

Enter *Philaster*, *Arethusa*, *Bellarion*.

Are. Nay dear *Philaster* grieve not, we are well.

Bell. Nay good my Lord forbear, we are wondrous well.

Phi. Oh *Arethusa*! O *Bellarion*! leave to be kind:

I shall be shot from heaven, as now from earth,

If you continue so; I am a man,

False to a pair of the most trusty ones

That ever earth bore, can it bear us all?

Forgive and leave me; but the King hath sent

To call me to my death, oh shew it me,

And then forget me: And for thee my boy,

I shall deliver words will mollifie

The hearts of beasts, to spare thy innocence.

Bell. Alas my Lord, my life is not a thing

Worthy your noble thoughts: tis not a life,

Tis but a piece of child-hood thrown away:

Should I out-live you, I should then out-live

Vertue and honour: And when that day comes,

If ever I shall close these eyes but once,

May I live spotted for my perjury,

And waste my limbs to nothing.

Are. And I (the woful't maid that ever was,
Forc'd with my hands to bring my Lord to death)

Do by the honour of a Virgin swear,

To tell no hints beyond it. *Phi.* Make me not hated so.

Are. Come from this prison, all joyfull to our deaths.

Phi. People will teare me when they finde you true
To such a wretch as I; I shall die loath'd.

Injoy your Kingdomes peaceably, whilst I

Forever sleep forgotten with my faults.

Every just servant, every maid in love.

Will have a piece of me if you be true.

Are. My dear Lord say not so. *Bell.* A piece of you?
He was not borne of women that can cut it and look on:

Phi. Take me in teares betwixt you,
For my heart will break with shame and sorrow.

Are. Why tis well. *Bell.* Lament no more.

Phi. What would you have done
If you had wrong'd me basely, and had found
My life no price, compar'd to yours? For love Sirs,

Deal with me truly.

Bell. 'Twas mistaken, sir: *Phi.* Why if it were.

Bel. Then sir we would have ask'd you pardon.

Phi. And have hope to enjoy it? *Are.* Injoy it? I.

Phi. Would you indeed? be plain. *Bel.* We would my Lord.

Phi. Forgive me then. *Are.* So, so.

Bel. 'Tis as it should be now. *Phi.* Lead to my death. *Exeunt.*

Enter King, Dion, Clevermend, Trasiline.

K. Gentlemen, who saw the Prince?

Cle. So please you sir, hee's gone to see the City,
And the new platforme, with some Gentlemen
Attending on him. *K.* Is the Princess ready

To bring her prisoner out? *Tra.* She waits your Grace.

K. Tell her we stay.

Dr. King, you may be deceiv'd yet.

The head you aime at cost more setting on

Then to be lost so slightly: If it must off

Like a wild overflow, that soops before him

A golden Stack, and with it shakes down Bridges,

Cracks the strong hearts of Pines, whose cable roots

Held out a thousand stormes, a thousand thunders,

And so made mightier, takes whole villages

Upon his back, and in that heat of pride,

Charges strong Towns, Towers, Castles, Pallaces,

And layes them desolate: so shall thy head,

Thy noble head, bury the lives of thousands

That must bleed with thee like a sacrifice,

In thy red ruines.

Enter Philaster, Arethusa, Bellario in a robe and Garland.

K. How now, what Mask is this?

Bel. Right royall sir, I should

Sing you an Epithalamium of these lovers,

But having lost my best ayres with my fortunes,

And wanting a celestially harp to strike

This blessed union on; thus in glad story

I give you all. These two fair Cedar branches,

The noblest of the Mountain, where they grew

Straightest and tallest, under whose still shades

The worthier beasts have made their layers, and slept

Free from the *Sirian* Star, and the fell thunder-stroke

P H I L A S T E R.

Free from the Clouds; when they were big with humour;
 And deliver'd in thousand spouts, their issues to the earth:
 O there was none but silent quiet there!
 Till never pleas'd Fortune, shot up shrubs.
 Base under brambles to divorce these branches;
 And for a while they did so, and did raigne
 Over the Mountaine, and choakt up his beauty,
 With Brakes, rude Thornes and Thistles, till the Sun
 Scorcht them even to the roots, and dried them there:
 And now a gentle gale hath blown againe,
 That made these branches meet, and twine together,
 Never to be divided: The god that sings
 His holy numbers over marriage beds,
 Hath knit their noble hearts, and here they stand
 Your children mighty King, and I have done. *K.* How, how?

Are. Sir, if you love it in plain truth,
 For there is no masking in't; This Gentleman
 The Prisoner that you gave me is become
 My keeper, and through all, the bitter throwes
 Your jealousies, and his ill fate have wrought him,
 Thus nobly hath he strangled, and at length
 Arriv'd here my dear husband.

K. Your dear husband! call in
 The Captain of the Citt adell; There you shall keep
 Your wedding. I'll provide a Masque shall make
 Your Hymen turn his saffron into a fullen coat
 And sing sad Requiem's to your departing souls:
 Bloud shall put out your Torches, and instead
 Of gaudy flowers about your wanton necks,
 An Ax shall hang, like a prodigious Meteor
 Ready to crop your loves sweets. Heare you gods:
 From this time do I shake all title off;
 Of Father to this woman, this base woman,
 And what there is of vengeance, in a Lion
 Cast among dogs, or rob'd of his deare young,
 The same inforc't more terrible, more mighty,
 Expect from me. *Are.* Sir,
 By that little life I have left to swear by,
 There's nothing that can stirre me from my selfe.
 What I have done, I have done without repentance,

P H I L A S T E R.

For death can be no Bug-bear unto me,
So long as *Pharamond* is not my head-man.

Di. Sweet peace upon thy soul, thou worthy maid
When ere thou dyest; for this time I'll excuse thee,
Or be thy Prologue. *Phi.* Sir, let me speak next,
And let my dying words be better with you
Then my dull living actions; if you ayme
At the deare life of this sweet Innocent,
Y'are a Tyrant, and a savage Monster;
Your memory shall be as foul behind you
As you are living, all your better deeds
Shall be in water writ, but this in Marbles
No Chronicle shall speak you, though your own;
But for the shame of men: No Monument
(Though high and big as *Pelion*) shall be able
To cover this base murder, make it rich
With Brasse, with purest Gold, and shining Jasper;
Like the Pyramides, lay on Epitaphs,
Such as make great men gods; my little marble
(That onely cloaths my ashes, not my faults)
Shall farre out shine it. And for after issues
Thinke not so madly of the heavenly wisdomes,
That they will give you more, for your mad rage
To cut off, unlesse it be some snake, or something
Like your selfe, that in his birth shall strangle you.
Remember my father King; there was a fault,
But I forgive it: let that sinne perswade you
To love this Lady. If you have a soule,
Thinke, save her, and be saved, for my selfe,
I have so long expected this glad houre.
So languisht under you, and daily withered,
That heaven knows it is my joy to dye,
I find a recreation in't.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Wheres the King? *K.* Here.

Mess. Get you to your strength,
And rescue the Prince *Pharamond* from danger,
Hee's taken prisoner by the Citizens.
Fearing the Lord *Philaster*. *Di.* O brave followers;
Muteny, my fine dear Countreymen, muteny,

Now

P H I L A S T E R.

Now my brave valiant foremen, shew your weapons,
In honour of your Mistresses. *Enter another Messenger.*

Mess. Arme, arme, arme. *K.* A thousand Devils take um.

Di. A thousand blessings on um.

Mess. Arme O King, the Cicy is in muteny,
Led by an old gray Ruffin, who comes on
In rescue of the Lord *Philaster.* *Exit with Arc. Phi. Bell.*

K. Away to the Cittadell, I'll see them safe;
And then cope with these Burgers: Let the guard
And all the Gentlemen give strong attendance. *Exit. King.*

Manent Dion, Cleremond, Trasiline.

Cle. The City up, this was above our wishes,

Di. I and the marriage, too; by my life,
This noble Lady has deceiv'd us all, a plague upon my self; a thousand
plagues, for having such unworthy thoughts of her dear honour: O I could
beat my selfe, or do you beat me and I'll beat you for we had all one thought.
Cle. No, no, twill but lose time.

Di. You say true, are your swords sharp? Well my dear Countrymen,
what ye lack, if you continue and fall not back upon the first broken shin,
I'll have you chronicled, and chronicled, and cut and chronicled, and all to be
prais'd, and sung in sonnets, and bath'd in new brave Ballads, that all
tongues shall trouble you in *Sacula Saculorum* my kind Can-carriers.

Tra. What if a toy take um ith' heels now, and they run all away,
and cry the Devill take the hindmost.

Di. Then the same devill take the foremost too, and sowce him for
his breakfast; if they all prove Cowards, my curses fly among them
and bespeeding; May they have Murriens raign to keep the gentlemen
at home unbound in easie freez: May the Moths branch their
Velvets, and their Silkes only be worne before sore eyes. May their
falsc lights undoe um, and discover presses, holes, itains, and old-
nessc in their Stuffles, and make them shoprid: May they keep
Whores and horses, and break; and live mued up with necks of
Beefe and Turnups: May they have many children, and none like
the Father: May they know no language but that gibberish they
prattle to their Parcells, unlesse it be the goarish Latine they write
in their bonds, and may they write that falsc, and lose their debts.

Enter the King.

K. Now the vengeance of all the gods confound them; how they
swarm together! what a hum they raise! Devils choak your wilde
throats

P H I L A S T E R.

throats; If a man had need to use their valours, he must pay a Bro-
kage for it, and then bring um on, they will fight like sheep. Tis
Philaster, none but *Philaster* must allay this heat: They will not
hear me speak, but sling durt at me, and call me Tyrant. Oh run
dear friend, and bring the Lord *Philaster*: speak him faire, call
him Prince, doe him all the courtesie you can, commend me to him.
Oh my wits, my wits! *Exit Cleremond.*

Di. Oh my brave Countreymen! as I live, I will not buy a pin
out of your Walls for this; Nay, you shall cozen me, and I'll thank
you, and send you Brawn and Bacon, and soile you every long va-
cation a brace of foremen, that at *Michaelmas* shall come up fat
and kicking.

K. What they will doe with this poor Prince, the gods know,
and I feare.

Di. Why Sir, they'll flea him, and make Church Buckets on's
skin to quench rebellion, then clap a rivet in's sconce, and hang
him up for a signe. *Enter Cleremond with Philaster.*

K. O worthy sir forgive me, do not make
Your miseries and my faults meet together,
To bring a greater danger. Be your selfe,
Still sound amongst diseases, I have wrong'd you,
And though I finde it last, and beaten to it,
Let first your goodnesse know it. Calme the people,
And be what you were born to: take your love,
And with her my repentance, and my wishes,
And all my prayers, by the gods my heart speaks this:
And if the least fall from me not perform'd,
May I be strook with thunder. *Phi.* Mighty Sir,

I will not do your greatnesse so much wrong,
As not to make your word truth; free the Princeesse
And the poor boy, and let me stand the shock
Of this mad sea breach, which I'll either turne
Or perish with it. *K.* Let your own word free them.

Phi. Then thus I take my leave kissing your hand,
And hanging on your royall words: be Kingly,
And be not moved Sir, I shall bring your peace,
Or never bring my selfe back.

K. All the gods go with thee. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter an old Captain and Citizens with Pharamond.

Cap. Come my brave *Mirmidons*, let's fall on, let our caps
Swarme

P H I L A S T E R.

Swarme my boyes, and you nimble tongues forget your mother
 Gib-rish, of what do you lack, and let your mouths
 Up Children, till your Pallats fall frighted halfe a
 Fathome, past the cure of Bay-salt and grosse Pepper,
 And then cry *Philaster*, brave *Philaster*,
 Let *Phil-ster* be deeper in request. My ding dong.
 My paires of dear Indentures, King of Clubs,
 Then your cold water Chamblets, or you paintings
 Spitted with Copper, let not your hasty Silkes,
 Or your branch'd Cloth of Bodkin, or your Tishues,
 Dearly belov'd of spiced Cake and Custard.
 Your Robin-hoods scarlets and Johns, tie your affections
 In darknesse to your shops, no dainty Duckers
 Up with your three pil'd spirits, your wrought valours.
 And let your uncut Coller make the King feele
 The measure of your mightinesse *Philaster*.
 Cry my Rose-nobles, cry. *All. Philaster, Philaster.*

Cap. How do you like this my Lord Prince, these are mad boys,
 I tell you, these are things that will not strike their top-sayles
 To a Foist. And let a man of war, An argosie hull and cry Cockels.

Pha. Why you rude slave, doe you know what you doe?

Cap. My pretty Prince of Puppets, we do know
 And give your greatnesse warning, that you talke
 No more such Bugs-words, or that soldred Crowne
 Shall be scratch'd with a Musket: Dear Prince Pippen,
 Downe with your noble blood, or as I live,
 I'll have you codled: let him lose my spirits,
 Make us a round Ring with your Bills my Heftors,
 And let us see what this trim man dares do,
 Now sir, have at you; here I lie,
 And with this swashing blow, do you sweat prince;
 I could hulke your grace, and hang you up crosse-leg'd,
 Like a Hare at a Poulters, and do this with this wiper.

Pha. You will not see me murthered wicked Villaines?

i Ci. Yes indeed wil we sir, we have not seen one for a great while

Cap. He would have weapons would he? give him a broad side
 my brave boyes with your pikes, branch me his skin in Flowers
 like a Satin, and between every Flower a mortall cut, your Roy-
 alty shall ravell, jag him Gentlemen, I'll have him cut to the kell,
 then downe the seames, oh for a whip

P H I L A S T E R.

To make him gallowe Laces,

I'll have a Coach-whip.

Pha. O spare me Gentlemen,

Cap. Hold, hold, the man begins to fear and know himself,

He shall for this time onely be seal'd up

With a Feather through his nose, that he may onely see

Heaven and think whither hee's going,

Nay my beyond-Sea sir, we wil proclaim you, you would be King.

Thou tender Heire apparent to a Church-ale,

Thou sleight Prince of single scarcenet;

Thou royall Ring-taile, fit to fly at nothing

But poor mens Poultry, and have every Boy

Beat thee from that too with his Bread and Butter.

Pha. Gods keep me from these Hell-hounds.

2 Cit. Shall's geld him Captain?

Cap. No, you shall spare his dowcets my dear Donfells

As you respect the Ladies let them flourish;

The curses of a longing woman kills as speedy as a plague, Boys.

1 Cit. I'll have a leg that's certain. *2 Cit.* I'll have an arme.

3 Cit. I'll have his nose, & at mine own charge build a Colledge,
and clap't upon the gate.

4 Cit. Ile have his little gut to string a Kit with,

For certainly a royall Gut will sound like silver.

Pha. Would they were in thy belly, and I past my pain once.

5 Cit. God Captain let me have his Liver to feed Ferrets.

Cap. Who will have parcels else? speak.

Pha. Good gods consider me, I shall be tortur'd.

1 Cit. Captain I'll give you the trimming of your hand sword,
and let me have his skin to make false Scabbards.

2 Ci. He had no hornes sir had he?

Cap. No sir, hee's a pollard, what would'st thou do with horns?

2 Ci. O if he had, I would have made rare Hasts and Whistles
of um, but his skin bones if they be found shall serve me.

Enter Philaster.

All. Long live *Philaster*, the brave Prince *Philaster*.

Phi. I thank you Gentlemen, but why are these
Rude weapons brought abroad, to teach your hands

Uncivill trades? *Cap.* My royall Rosiclear,

VVe are thy Mirmidons, thy Guard, thy Rorers,

And when thy noble body is in durance,

Thus do we clap our musty Murrions on,

P H I L A S T E R.

And trace the streets in terrour. Is it peace
Thou *Mars* of men? Is the King sociable,
And bids thee live? Art thou above thy foemen,
And free as *Phæbus*? Speake, if not, this Stand
Of royall blood, shall be a broach, a tilt, and run
Even to the lees of honour.

Phi. Hold and be satisfied, I am my selfe,
Free as my thoughts are; by the gods I am.

Cap. Art thou the dainty darling of the King?
Art thou the *Hylas* to our *Hercules*?

Doe the Lords bow, and the regarded scarlets,
Kisse their gumd gols, and cry we are your servants?
Is the Court Navigable, and the presence struck
With Flags of friendship? if not, we are thy Castle,
And this man sleeps.

Phi. I am what I do desire to be, your friend,
I am what I was born to be, your Prince.

Pha. Sir, there is some humanity in you,
You have a noble soul, forget my name,
And know my misery, set me safe aboard
From these wild *Caribals*, and as I live,
I'll quit this Land for ever: there is nothing
Perpetuall prisonment, cold, hunger, sicknesse,
Of all sorts, of all dangers, and altogether
The worst company of the worst men, madnesse, age
To be as many Creatures as a woman
And doe as all they do, nay to despaire;
But I would rather make it a new Nature,
And live with all those then endure one hour
Amongst these wild dogs.

Phi. I doe pity you: Friends discharge your fears,
Deliver me the Princc, I'll warrant you
I shall be old enough to find my safety.

3 *Cit.* Good sir take heed he does not hurt you,
Hee's a fierce man I can tell you Sir.

Capt. Prince, by your leave, I'll have a sursingle,
And make you like a hawke. *He stirs.*

Phi. Away, away, there is no danger in him:
Alas he had rather sleep to shake his fit off,
Looke you friends, how gently he leads, upon my word

P H I L A S T E R.

Hee's tame enough, he need no further watching
Good my friends go to your houses and by me have your pardons,
and my love,

And know there shall be nothing in my power
You may deserve, but you shall have your wishes.

To giue you more thanks were to flatter you,

Continue still your love, and for an earnest

Drink this. *Al.* Long maiest thou live brave prince, brave prince,
brave prince.

Exit Philaster and Pharamond.

Capt. Thou art the King of Courtisie:

Fall off again my sweet youths, come and every man

Trace to his house again, and hang his pewter up, then to

The Tavern and bring your wives in Musfies, we will have

Musfick, and the red grape shall make us dance, and rise Boys. *Ex.*

Enter King, Arethusa, Gallatea, Megra, Cleremond, Dion, Trasiline, Bellario, and attendants.

K. Is it appeas'd? *Di.* Sir, all is quiet as this dead of night,
As peaceable as sleep, my Lord *Philaster*,

Brings on the prince himselfe. *K.* Kind Gentlemen!

I will not break the least word I have given

In promise to him, I have heap'd a world

Of grief upon his head, which yet I hope

To wash away.

Enter Philaster and Pharamond.

Cle. My Lord is come.

K. My sonne!

Blest be the time that I have leave to call

Such vertue mine; now thou art in mine armes,

Me thinks I have a salve unto my brest

For all the stings that dwell there, streames of grief

That I have wrought thee; and as much of joy

That I repent it, issue from mine eyes:

Let them appease thee, take thy right; take her,

She is thy right too, and forget to urge

My vexed soul with that I did before.

Phi. Sir, it is blotted from my memory,
Past and forgotten: For you Prince of *Spaine*,
Whom I have thus redeem'd, you have full leave
To make an honourable voyage home.

And if you would go furnish'd to your Realme

With fair provision, I do see a Lady

P H I L A S T E R.

Me thinkes would gladly bear you company:

How like you this piece? *Meg.* Sir he likes it well,

For he hath tried it, and found it worth

His princely liking; we were tane a bed,

I know your meaning, I am not the first

That nature taught to seek a fellow forth:

Can shame remain perpetually in me,

And not in others? or have Princes salves

To cure ill names that meaner people want. *Phi.* What mean you?

Meg. You must get another ship

To bear the Princeesse and the boy together. *Di.* How now!

Meg. Otherstook me, and I took her and him

At that all women may be tane some time:

Ship us all four my Lord, we can endure

Weather and wind alike.

K. Clear thou thy selfe, or know not me for father

Are. This earth, How false it is? what means is left for me

To clear my selfe? It lies in your belief,

My Lords believe me, and let all things else

Struggle together to dishonour me.

Bell. O stop your cares great King, that I may speak

As freedome would, then I will call this Lady

As base as be her actions, hear me sir,

Believe your hated blood when it rebels

Against your reason sooner then this Lady.

Meg. By this good light he bears it handsomely.

Phi. This Lady? I will sooner trust the wind

With Feathers, or the troubled Sea with pearle,

Then her with any thing; believe her not!

Why think you, if I did believe her words;

I would outlive um: honour cannot take

Revenge on you, then what were to be known

But death? *K.* Forget her sir, since all is knit

Between us: but I must request of you

One favour, and will sadly be denyed.

Phi. Command what ere it be.

K. Swear to be true to what you promise.

Phi. By the powers above,

Let it not be the death of her or him;

And it is granted. *K.* Bear away that boy

PHILASTER.

To torture, I will have her cleer'd or buried.

Phi. O let me call my words back, worthy sir,
Ask something else, bury my life and rig
In one poor grave, but do not take away my life and fame at once.

K. Away with him, it stands irrevocable.

Phi. Turn all your eyes on me, here stands a man
The falsest and the basest of this world:
Set swords against this breast some honest man,
For I have liv'd till I am pittied,
My former deeds were hatefull, but this last
Is pittifull, for I unwillingly
Have given the dear preserver of my life
Unto his torture: is it in the power *Offers to kill himselfe.*
Of flesh and blood, to carry this and live?

Are. Dear sir be patient yet: or stay that hand. *K.* Sirs, strip that boy

Di. Come sir, your tender flesh will trie your constancy.

Bel. O kill me Gentlemen. *Di.* No, help sirs.

Bell. Will you torture me? *K.* Hast there, why stay you?

Bell. Then I shall not break my vow,
You know just Gods though I discover all.

K. Hows that? will he confesse? *Di.* Sir so he says.

K. Speak then. *Bell.* Great King if you command
This Lord to talke with me alone, my tongue
Urg'd by my heart, shall utter all the thoughts
My youth hath known, and stranger things then these
You heare not often. *K.* Walk aside with him.

Di. VVhy speak'st thou not? *Bel.* Know you this face my Lord?

Di. No. *Bel.* Have you not seen it, nor the like?

Di. Yes, I have seen the like, but readily
I know not where. *Bel.* I have been often told
In Court, of one *Euphrasia*, a Lady
And Daughter to you, berwixt whom and me
(They that would flatter my bad face would swear)
There was such strange resemblance, that we two
Could not be known a sunder, drest alike.

Di. By heaven and so there is. *Bel.* For her fair sake
VVho now doth spend the spring time of her life
In holy Pilgrimage, move to the Kiog,
That I may scape this torture. *Di.* But thou speak'st
As like *Euphrasia* as thou dost look,

How

P H I L A S T E R.

How came it to thy knowledge that she lives in Pilgrimage?

Bel. I know it not my Lord,

But I have heard it, and do scarce believe it.

Di. Oh my shame, is't possible? Draw near,
That I may gaze upon thee, art thou she,

Or else her murderer? where wert thou born? *Bel.* In *Siracusa*.

Di. What's thy name? *Bell. Euphrasia.* (died)

Di. O tis just, tis she, now I do know thee, oh that thou hadst
And I had never seen thee nor my shame,
How shall I own thee? shall this tongue of mine
Ere call thee Daughter more?

Bell. Would I had died indeed, I wish it too,
And so I must have done by vow, ere publish'd
What I have told, but that there was no means
To hide it longer, yet I joy in this,

The Princeesse is all cleare. *K.* What have you doe?

Di. All's discovered. *Phi.* Why then hold you me,

Di. All is discovered, pray you let me goe. *He offers to stab*

K. Stay him. *Are.* What is discovered? *himselfe*

Di. Why my shame, it is a woman, let her speak the rest.

Phi. How! that again. *Di.* It is a woman.

Phi. Blest be you powers that favour innocence.

K. Lay hold upon that Lady.

Phi. It is a woman Sir, hark Gentlemen,
It is a woman. *Arethusa* take

My soul into thy brest, that would be gone

With joy: it is a woman thou art fair,

And vertuous still to ages, in despite of malice.

K. Speak you, where lies his shame? *Bel.* I am his Daughter.

Phi. The gods are just. *Di.* I dare accuse none, but before you two
The vertue of our age, I bend my knee
For mercy. *Phi.* Take it freely, for I know,

Though what thou didst were undiscereetly done,

Twas meant well. *Are.* And for me,

I have a power to pardon sinnes as oft

As any man has power to wrong me.

Cle. Noble and worthy.

Phi. But *Bellario*,

(For I must call thee still so) tell me why

Thou didst conceale thy sex, it was a fault,

A fault *Bellario*, though thy other deeds

PHILASTER.

Of truth but waigh'd it: All these Jealousies
 Had flown to nothing, if thou hadst discovered,
 What now we know. *Bell.* My father would oft speak
 Your worth and vertue, and as I did grow
 More and more apprehensive, I did thirst
 To see the man so rais'd, but yet all this
 Was but a Mayden longing to be lost
 As soon as found, till sitting in my window,
 Printing my thoughts in Lawne, I saw a god
 I thought, (but it was you) enter our gates,
 My blood flew out, and back again as fast
 As I had putt it forth, and suckt it in
 Like breath, then was I cald away in hast
 To entertain you. Never was a man
 Heav'd from a sheep-coat, to a scepter rais'd
 So high in thoughts as I, you left a kisse
 Upon these lips then, which I mean to keep
 From you for ever, I did hear you talk
 Far above singing; after you were gone,
 I grew acquainted with my heart, and search'd
 What stir'd it so, alas I found it Love,
 Yet farre from lust, for could I but have liv'd
 In presence of you, I had had my end.
 For this I did delude my noble Father
 With a feign'd Pilgrimage, and drest my selfe
 In habit of a Boy, and for I knew
 My birth no match for you, I was past hope
 Of having you. And understanding well,
 That when I made discovery of my sex,
 I could not stay with you, I made a vow,
 By all the most religious things a Maid
 Could call together, never to be known,
 Whilst there was hope to hide me from mens eyes,
 For other then I seem'd; that I might ever
 Abide with you, then sate I by the Fount
 Where first you took me up. *K.* Search out a match
 Within our Kingdome where and when thou wilt
 And I will pay thy dowry, and thy selfe
 VVilt well deserve him. *Bell.* Never sir will I
 Marry, it is a thing within my vow,

But

But if I may have leave to serve the Princesse;
To see the vertues of her Lord and her,
I shall have hope to live. *Are. I Philaster,*
Cannot be jealous, though you had a Lady
Drest like a Page to serve you, nor will I
Suspect her living here, come live with me,
Live free, as I do, she that loves my Lord,
Curst be the wife that hates her.

Phi. I grieve such vertue should be laid in earth
Without an Heire: hear me my royall Father,
Wrong not the freedome of our souls so much,
To think to take revenge of that base woman,
Her malice cannot hurt us: set her free
As she was born, saving from shame and sinne.

K. Set her at liberty, but leave the Court,
This is no place for such, you *Pharamond*
Shall have free passage, and a conduct home
Worthy so great a Prince, when you come there,
Remember twas your faults that lost you her.
And not my purpos'd will. *Pha.* I do confesse
Renowned sir.

K. Last joyn your hands in one, enjoy *Philaster*
This Kingdome which is yours, and after me
What ever I call mine, my blessing on you,
All happy bours be at your marriage joyes,
That you may grow your selves over all lands,
And live to see your plenteous branches spring
Where ever there is Sunne, let Princes learn
By this to rule the passions of their blood,
For what Heaven wils, can never be withstood.

Exeunt omnes

F I N I S.

